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The Washington Monthly

MARCH 1978 / $1.50

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Annual Political Book Issue

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A report on a matter of public interest:

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New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the previously required power. *Item:* A new

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microprocessor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "thinking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

Smaller vehicles power giant fleet.

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

Even employees' body heat is used.

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 25,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Broad economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System created a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

• On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone Company began operating a wind dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.

• In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cooling are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.

Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*

Bell System

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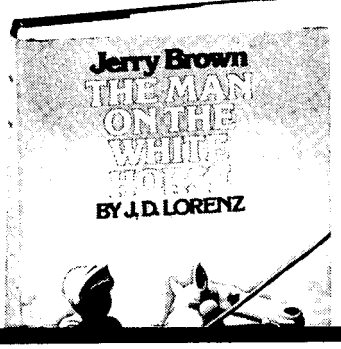

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Published monthly except combined July/August issue by the Washington Monthly Company, 1028 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036
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Subscription rates: U.S. and possessions– $18, one year; $30, two years; $39, three years. Foreign, including Canada, $2 per year additional, surface; air mail rates available on request. Back issues, $2. Send all remittances and correspondence concerning subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to 1028 Connecticut Ave., NW, Washington, D.C. 20036. For changes of address please provide six weeks advance notice and return old address label.

The Washington Monthly is indexed in the Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature, the Social Science Index and Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory, and may be obtained on microfilm from Xerox University Microfilms, Ann Arbor, MI.

Unsolicited manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Second class postage paid at Washington, D.C. and additional offices.

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CITIVIEWS

CITIVIEWS is distributed quarterly to Citicorp investors. It contains viewpoints on timely public issues. We believe the following may be of interest to you...

The Public Interest

"It was a terrible week. First we found our Automobile Club infested with pedestrians...then we discovered six experts who'd infiltrated the Laymen's Association...and Friday we caught three people in the Public Interest Forum secretly pursuing their own special interests..."

No one is known to have actually reported such a week, but it should come as no surprise if someone eventually does. Certainly, it is the sort of thing against which many of the voices raised "in defense of the public interest" seem to be warning us.

Probably no phrase in the English language affords more ambiguity or opportunities for demagoguery than "the public interest." Aside from the obvious question of who has the right to speak "for" the public, there is the still larger problem of just whose interest is being protected, and from whom.

What, exactly, is The Public? Who belongs to it, or, conversely, who does not? If The Public includes everyone, then the individual who volunteers to "defend the public interest" is really offering to protect us from ourselves. If The Public does not include everyone, then who has been excluded, and on what authority?

Or perhaps instead of one great Public we are referring to many smaller ones: as in the traveling public, the investing public, the theater-going public, or the Nielsen public. After all, people do form themselves into groups based on a community of interest, and those interests will sometimes conflict with one another. In that event, perhaps, the public interest advocate fills the role of impartial arbiter, dispensing justice or at least wisdom from some neutral vantage point, free of the special interests that entangle everyone else. But sometimes that neutral territory is hard to locate, and its disinterested inhabitants hard to identify.

Anyone trying to cross a busy intersection on foot, for example, knows that pedestrians and motorists sometimes have conflicting interests. So does the motorist trying to turn the corner. If there is a debate tonight in City Hall about altering the traffic lights for the greater convenience of one group or the other, whose side will you be on? And regardless of what you believe at the moment, how do we know you can be trusted? You might start out as a motorist, find a parking space on the way downtown, and arrive as a pedestrian. Yet, does it follow that we can find a fair solution to the problem only with the help of someone with no commitment to either side; that is to say, somebody who neither drives nor walks?

The purpose of this line of reasoning is not to denigrate anyone's efforts to speak disinterestedly on behalf of the general welfare, but merely to invite attention to certain aspects of the *pro bono publico* dialogue that are too often overlooked.

Consider, for example, the question of consumer advocacy. While there may be some uncertainty about just who or what constitutes a public, there is no doubt whatever that we are all consumers. Since no meeting can be held in which everyone present is not equally a

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consumer, who then does the "consumer representative" actually represent? Clearly, it must be either (1) a specific group of people who have in some manner selected a delegate to convey *their* convictions to the meeting; or (2) the speaker's own point of view.

In the latter case, the "consumer advocate" (at a stockholders' meeting, for instance) should really be saying something like this:

"I realize that everyone here is as much a consumer as I am. But you have other interests that may be more important to you than your interests as consumers. Since I am free of such conflicts, or able to deal with them more objectively, I am here to serve as the authoritative spokesman on that subject."

This is not, of course, the way such representations are usually made.

If, on the other hand, the advocate appears as the representative of a formal, organized group, the problem of objectivity becomes even more troublesome. Any organized group of people constitutes a special interest—by definition. Moreover, the longer an organization exists, the more specialized its interests become. It is unnecessary to demonstrate this fact: it is immediately apparent to anyone with even a passing acquaintance with any group, even if only a bridge club. Nor is objectivity—or the lack of it—linked solely to the profit motive, as any philanthropist can testify who has tried to honor competing claims by representatives of equally worthwhile charities.

Over the past decade, there has come into existence something often referred to as "the public interest community." It consists of men and women with a common desire to emphasize certain values and social perspectives—e.g., a clean environment—that affect all of us alike, and to act on behalf of those values whenever and wherever they perceive the rest of us to be neglecting them. It does nothing to detract from anyone's efforts to suggest that even the noblest cause can at length become a vested interest, or that it may attract at least a few who are perhaps more interested in doing well than in doing good.

Every American is entitled by law and the Constitution to fair representation by a president and a vice-president, two senators and a congressman, not to mention a governor, a state legislator, and probably a mayor. The vigor of our two-party system and the frequency with which we return our officials to private life testify that these legal representatives sometimes leave many of us less than satisfied. Anyone stepping forward to supplement their efforts by reminding us that something that ought to be done is not being done, or vice versa, should always be welcome in the national meeting hall.

It is only prudent, however, to review occasionally what used to be called in the Old West their *bona fides*. And it seems only fair to recall, from time to time, Dr. Johnson's admonition that "a common prejudice should not be found in one whose trade it is to rectify error."

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Letters

Wrong Whipping Girl

Charles Peters says he's disappointed in the women's movement for failing to stamp "feminine values" on the work world ["Tilting at Windmills," January]. Peters has chosen the wrong, though popular, whipping girl.

The work world's lack of values he characterizes as feminine (laughter, love, peace; values hardly unique to women) has certainly far more to do with "the system" than with the women's movement.

Many women work for the simple reason that they need the money. They may not consider themselves feminists nor may they be in any position to effect change, even were they so inclined.

Those women who do attain positions where they might be able to influence change have often traveled a road that required them to outdo their male colleagues in order to prove themselves equally capable. And part of that proof often involves acceding to the values of employers, leaving the employee's desire or ability to change the system somewhat muted.

Additionally, efforts at change made by women are frequently viewed with more suspicion or anxiety than those made by male employees. Women are still asked such fearfully phrased questions as "Do you believe in any particular causes, like, let's just say for instance, feminism?" (as I was chagrined to discover some months ago in a newspaper job interview).

The resistance to beneficial change is fostered by unimaginative and narrow-minded employers who are content to employ "yes men" and "yes women." At the feet of these employers lies the real blame for the inadequacy of "the system." And that is something the women's movement has recognized all along.

LAURIE QUINN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

"Trading salmon for kilowatts, prime farm land for shopping centers, timber land for real estate developments: where will it end? asks veteran reporter Daniel Chasan

...a provocative and challenging look at the 'wise use' of our resources."
—Publishers Weekly

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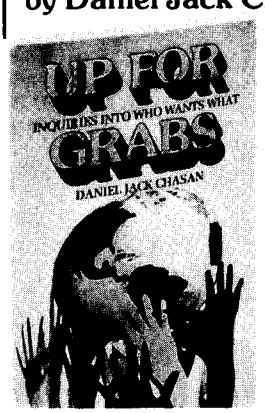
by Daniel Jack Chasen



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The Trouble With Tenure

Mark Nadel knows whereof he speaks ("The Trouble With Tenure," January) and speaks for many of us. Academic freedom, as he pointed out, is nil for those without tenure, and the best and brightest of those are driven out of academic life by the inequities and falsities of the system. Nadel, it would seem, is one good example.

As an assistant professor in a small state university, I saw this done to some remarkably bright and dedicated teachers—even to a winning football coach who demanded academic as well as muscular prowess from his team. And even as it was done to me when I came up for tenure.

As a journalism teacher and advisor to the university newspaper, I had gotten crossways with the administration by teaching and advising my students to put out a newspaper rather than a glorified public relations organ for the president and his henchmen. Tenured members of the department faculty, who by and large were no boat-rockers, went along with a weak chairman who feared his superiors, denying me tenure. The chairman then reassigned me—taking the newspaper from me on the grounds that some of my students complained that I demanded too much of them, "acted like a city editor." I could not, of course, face my accusers; they were anonymous. And he wasn't interested in hearing from those students (and faculty) who approved my approach and who have since gone on to newspaper jobs, performing with credit both to themselves and me.

So I left, too, and am editor of a weekly newspaper.

MURIEL M. ALCOTT
Hot Springs Village, Arkansas

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The Right to Work. There's only one label for that: freedom.

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*According to The Roper Organization 1977 study "Public Attitudes Toward Right to Work".

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Tilting at Windmills

It sometimes appears that the main function of state government is to divide the booty—to determine who gets to have a bank, run a race track, operate a liquor store, or be licensed to practice a trade or profession. Certainly in the halls of the state legislatures these are the issues that usually produce the most spirited battles.

The Virginia assembly is currently torn over whether optometrists should be permitted to administer eyedrops, as only opthalmologists are allowed to do now. Our favorite, though, is a bill that Virginia beer distributors have gotten introduced that would give each of them absolute monopoly in his area.

The C. & J. Clark Company, the manufacturer of Wallabees and Desert Boots, is a successful business in a country, England, where taxation is high and productivity low. As I was reading an article about the company in *The New York Times*, I made note of the factors that I would guess have made it a success. First, it sticks to the shoe business, while its American competitors have conglomerated into toys, apparel, and other fields. Second, it gives its factory managers wide latitude in making decisions on everything except the design of shoes. Third, it is family-owned, with no obligation to pay out large dividends, and reinvests the bulk of its profits in the business. Fourth, because the owners believe, according to Robert D. Hershey, Jr., of the *Times*, that "life is always happier in small plants," its 11,800 workers are divided among 20 plants. Fifth, while its employees are paid relatively high wages for England, they are paid strictly according to what they produce. Finally, there are not scores of featherbedded executives making high salaries; only seven people in the company make more than $17,000 a year after taxes.

American workers' wages have an increasingly dim relation to productivity. One reason for our continuing inflation is the fact that total employee compensation has been rising at the rate of eight per cent per year, while productivity has been plodding along at an average two-percent increase. Many liberals think productivity is just a right-wing catchword used to justify exploitation of the workers by the kind of people who belong to the National Association of Manufacturers and the Chamber of Commerce.

We disagree. Several years ago, we published an article by Suzannah Lessard called "America the Featherbedded." The problem remains, and becomes more critical as our industries and government become less efficient. But too few people have an interest in changing the system because too many profit by it. Too many people at the blue-collar level have jobs where they stand around

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most of the day, and too many at the white-collar level spend their day in the bureaucratic equivalent of standing around: attending meetings and writing memoranda.

There is a similar problem in the matter of escalating health costs. Almost all of the members of the leadership class who could do something about it belong to generous health insurance programs that pay whatever doctors and hospitals charge. So our leaders have no personal stake in holding down costs. And that's the real reason they don't.

We desperately need a President who will confront all the self-interest considerations that make the people of this country resist needed reform. We aren't going to have the basic changes we need to eliminate featherbedding or to reform our tax laws and our pension and health care systems until we have a President who is willing to risk the anger of the groups that will be offended by having their dirty little secrets exposed. But once he begins to bring these problems out into the open—not offering ready-made solutions, but challenging his countrymen to face the problems with him and to help him determine the answers—I am convinced that a vast constituency will rise to support him. It would be made up of people who are sick of all the dirty little secrets that have made them join in perpetuating a featherbedded country they are increasingly ashamed of, people whose fear of seeking new solutions may be great but is nonetheless exceeded by their certainty that the old answers provided by big government, big business, and big unions simply have not worked.

In this issue we recognize the best books on politics and government published last year. I would also like to recognize the best magazine article. It is Ken Auletta's "More for Less" in the August 1, 1977, issue of *The New Yorker*. Auletta tells the story of the bureaucracy of New York City and its march to disaster. Today the city has 2,000 more policemen than it had in 1961, and they are working one million fewer hours per year. It has 100 per cent more employees in its public school system and only ten per cent more students. Between 1961 and 1975, while the consumer price index was increasing 111 per cent, the city's labor costs rose 312 per cent. The average policeman and fireman take 55 paid days off a year in addition to weekends. Auletta blames the civil service and the employee unions and "the attitude that one is in public service not to serve but to grab as much as possible; that a government job is a right, not a privilege; that one's benefits flow from the union and that 'the city,' not the taxpayers foot the bill." These sentiments may be familiar to regular readers of this magazine, but to have them presented in such persuasive and well-documented form to an audience as large as *The New Yorker*'s is a great step forward for all of us who share Auletta's views.

You remember how Carter, after cutting down on White House limousines, gave his staff salaries that were much higher than almost all of them had received before and then proceeded to give them two additional raises. Well Ed Koch, the new mayor of New York, is following the President's example. He has cut back on the limousines and, according to Ken Auletta, writing this time in *The New York Daily News*, "rewarded more than two dozen aides with salary hikes ranging from 20 per cent to 140 per cent." For example, Maureen Connelly, Koch's press secretary, jumped from $23,000 to $47,000. . . .

If you doubt that we are a nation of snobs, please consider this new ad for Puerto Rican rums:

"Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

"We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine *Interview*. What amazed us about her was that the personality she

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projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

"During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting), so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

"White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice, and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

"A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli, and an introduction to white rum.

"Not bad for one evening."

And if you still doubt that we're a nation of snobs, put a magnifying glass to that picture of Carter flying home on Air Force One with Rosalynn's head resting on his lap. The magazine in the rack at their side is *Town and Country*. . . . One of the ironies of the present Supreme Court is that its toughness in law enforcement against individual criminals is matched only by its tenderness toward corporate defendants. The Court recently let the Adams Wrecking Company of Detroit get away with ignoring an EPA regulation on asbestos although even the village idiot knows by now that asbestos is a "hazardous air pollutant," as EPA says it is.

One of the things wrong with the federal bureaucracy is too many chiefs and too few Indians. John Cramer, the civil service columnist, says there is a Navy Finance Center where there is one supervisor for every 1.5 employees. . . . The Institute for Highway Safety has released a study that attributes 2,000 highway deaths a year to 16- and 17-year-old drivers who would not have been driving had it not been for driver education courses that got them on the road earlier than would otherwise have been the case. The problem is that driver education doesn't solve the problems of the adolescent male in America. Between the ages of 15 and 25, he commits 80 per cent of the violent crime and 80 per cent of the vehicular homicides. Facing his problems, which for some reason no one appears to want to do, might save the rest of us. . . .

As we have pointed out before, the stories corporations tell Congress are often different from the stories they tell their stockholders and potential investors. The business pages of the papers, the stockholders' reports, and the trade journals are good places for finding the brighter side of the stories companies tell Congress about how this or that law is ruining them. Remember, for example, how one oil lobbyist after another has proclaimed that unless oil prices are decontrolled there is no incentive to drill wells? Now comes an article in the trade publication *World Oil* that says there will be more drilling this year than last. In fact, this year should be the best drilling year since the 1950s. And the reason for lower figures in the last four years was not, in the words of William Dudley, publisher of *World Oil*, "politically inspired interference in the form of a myriad of new federal rules, regulations, restrictions, and taxes," but simply the availability of rigs and related equipment, because "virtually all equipment able to work has been working."

Isn't the real reason for the anger in the pro- and anti-abortion debate that both sides have weaknesses in their positions? Surely abortion is seldom the right moral choice for the person making it, but surely it is a choice that a humane society must sometimes understand and condone. The distinction, it seems to me, is between the rigor with which we should judge ourselves and the mercy we owe to others. The pro-abortion people ignore the rigor and the antis the mercy . . . . One of our favorite

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themes is that the White House does not have an effective system for finding out what is going on down below in the government. Here, for example, is how it found out that a $140-million program started last June to encourage businesses to hire unemployed Vietnam veterans has so far produced only 60 jobs: the General Accounting Office did a report on the program's failure. Somebody leaked the report to the AP, which sent out a story on it. The AP story was reprinted in the White House News Summary. The program was headed, by the way, by G. William Miller, President Carter's nominee for the chairmanship of the Federal Reserve Board. . . . Have you noticed in the news accounts of business reaction to the administration's tax-reform plan, the item that has drawn the most complaints is the crack-down on the three-martini lunch? Since there are elements of the program—like those designed to encourage investment—that have far greater significance to business, it appears that we now have an executive class more concerned with its perks than with substance.

I hope I'm wrong, but I do not think Israel is at all likely to enter into a peace agreement satisfactory to the Arabs. One reason for this is that Israel feels little impetus to make concessions: the balance of military power is so tilted in Israel's favor that it will take years for the Arabs to catch up. And the Israelis are certain that, even if the Arabs do achieve superiority in arms, the United States, because of the power of American Jews, would be sure to come to Israel's rescue. In this they may be making a fatal error. I doubt that Israel can be certain of American intervention if it behaves unreasonably enough to invite an Arab attack. Indeed, I think that pressure for such intervention would fail and would produce a tragic backlash of anti-Semitism in this country. On the other hand, if the Israelis are fair and reasonable and negotiate in good faith, they can count absolutely on American protection from Arab aggression. This is because the average American, not just the American Jew, admires Israel. Israel can only lose if it forfeits that admiration.

On Monday, January 23, *The New York Times* ran the Marlboro cowboy ad in its sports section, thus placing a pitch that makes smoking seem romantic and manly in the part of the paper that is read most avidly by young people. This disgusting, morally indefensible act is unremarkable only because the *Times* and other leading newspapers and magazines do the same sort of thing all the time . . . . In the vast coverage of the Marston case, only our Nicholas Lemann and *The Washington Star*'s Jack Germond, Jules Witcover, and James Kilpatrick have shown the slightest awareness that a case can be made for political appointments. When Kilpatrick started to speak up for the spoils system on "Agronsky and Company" recently, Agronsky cut him off with a patronizing, "We won't argue with you Jack," assuming that Kilpatrick's point would be perceived as obviously ridiculous by the audience.

This shows how firm a grip the civil service mentality has on this country. Politicians—with the exception of aging ethnic ward-heelers in Boston and Chicago, about whom we are condescendingly indulgent—are all bad.

The problem with this attitude, as we try to point out from time to time, is that it's anti-democratic. It puts excessive faith in technocrats chosen on merit rather than officials who are either elected by the people or who have participated in politics by helping others get elected. The resulting unaccountability of the technocrats is at the heart of the problem of bureaucracy. It's ironic that almost everyone is aware of that problem and almost no one is aware of its roots in the "merit" principle.

—*Charles Peters*

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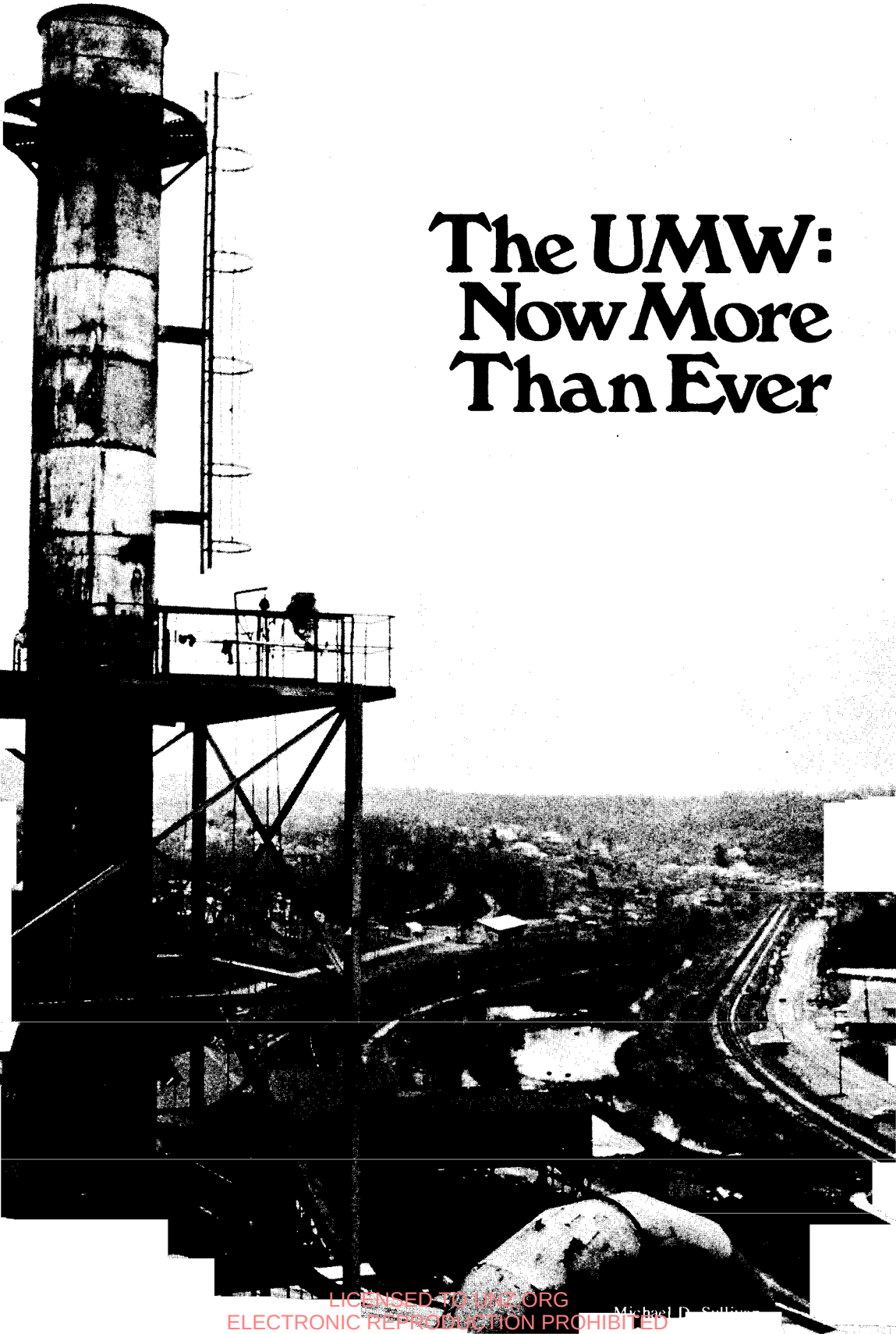
The UMW: Now More Than Ever



Michael D. Sullivan

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by Thomas N. Bethell

Who are these coal miners, and why are they doing these things? If it is true that they are the highest paid industrial workers in the United States at an average of $7.80 an hour, and if it is true that they have been offered $2.35 more and will be making nearly $85 a day three years from now—if that is true, *why have they been willing to strike for three months*?

They seem as remote and unfathomable as the mines themselves. See them, now, on the evening news: their faces covered with grime, their cheeks jammed full of Red Man chewing tobacco, their voices slurred in thick mountain accents. The image on the tube is almost anthropological: *they must be a breed apart.*

As long as miners are perceived this way, the long and bitter strike of 1977-78 will remain a mystery. The news reports, perhaps necessarily oversimplifying, convey mainly the message that coal companies have offered many dollars to get their employees back on the job—many dollars accompanied by something called a "job stability package" designed to curb the wildcat strikes that have occurred with such baffling frequency among members of the United Mine Workers of America during the past three-year contract. It all sounds so reasonable, and the miners, in rejecting it out of hand, seem so crazy.

But wait. Consider: You would not work in a mine. You would not voluntarily go down every day into the mud and muck and slime, the mountain above groaning and creaking, cold water dripping down your neck and soaking through three layers of clothing; you would not do that bent over in a three-foot seam of coal, five or six days a week, week in and week out, year after year. They would have to pay you very well to get you in there; they would have to pay you and something more. *They would have to treat you right.*

It is a simple phrase but it is still a foreign concept to many coal companies. Their mine managers grew up in a different time, when miners feared the consequences of talking back or taking a day off without permission. You could tell a man to jump and he would jump. Many companies still try to run their mines that way. It does not work, and in many mines a persistent undercurrent of conflict is as basic as the coal. The wildcat strike, completely foreign to most people, becomes an article of faith among miners: you club the boss with it, like a farmer hitting a mule with a board, and for the same reason —it gets his attention when everything else has failed. And it becomes a weapon in another sense: in an industry that will not grant a miner the right to take a couple of days off when he has reached the point of simply being unable to face the mine any more, this is his only way of turning his back on it without compromising his pride.

The contract so strenuously rejected by the miners is a document 50 years out of date—except for the money. It would dissolve the health and pension plans that John L. Lewis fought to win more than 30 years ago. It would give employers the absolute right to discharge miners for having done nothing more than threaten a strike, and it would tie the hands of any arbitrator who sought to reduce the penalty. New employees could be discharged without cause, and their union would be barred from defending them. These and many other provisions would effectively dismember the United Mine Workers of America—in the name of "labor stability."

But all of this was largely lost on the public at large. What it saw was a very different and confusing scene.

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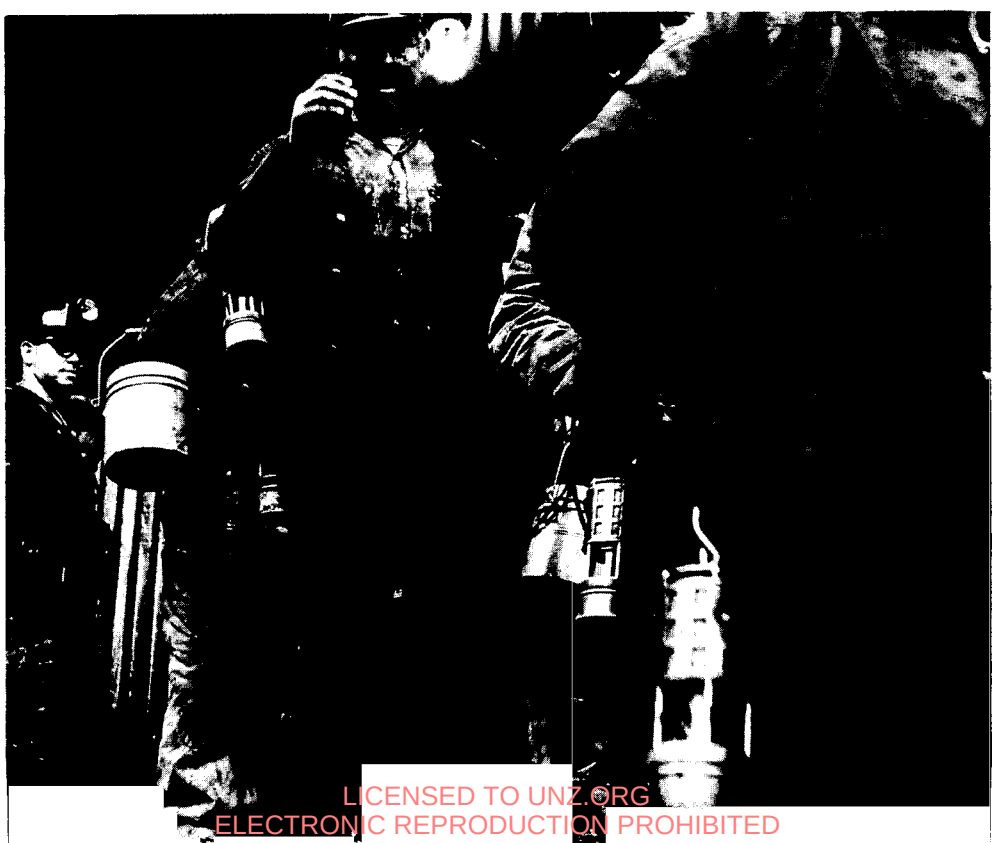
In the winter of 1978, the coal miners were at it again. The nation needed coal desperately in its struggle for energy self-sufficiency; the miners went out on strike. In the middle of the most paralyzing weather in recent memory, coal stockpiles froze and power companies began switching off streetlights in Ohio; the miners stayed out on strike. In Alabama, non-union miners went to work and union miners threw dynamite at them. In Washington, the negotiators castigated each other by day and by night and long into the strike were still far apart, although all of the issues in dispute could have been clarified the previous October.

If none of this made any sense to the average citizen, what else could you expect? Coal mining has been an industrial backwater in America since John L. Lewis fought his last great battles a quarter-century ago; and if it is true that the labor movement in general is rarely the object of intelligent scrutiny by the press, it is true and then some for coal miners. Most of them are tucked away in remote mountain communities, and Appalachia doesn't get the headlines much any more. Reporters take note of a union election, a crisis in leadership, a mine disaster, a murder—but they provide very little insight into what goes on routinely in the mines or among the miners or in the United Mine Workers of America.

It is at least dimly perceived that labor relations in the coal industry today are dismal. The problem can be put in perspective with three quotations. First, a spokesman for the coal operators, speaking at the bargaining table:

"We are asking," he said, "and shall expect to receive something that will make a contract with the United Mine Workers worthy and valuable. A contract now with your association has no value because it is not respected by the United Mine Workers."

Problem: We negotiate in good faith and then your members ignore the contract, and the union leadership



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appears powerless to do anything about it. This is the anarchy-in-the-coalfields theme, definitely a dominant theme at the bargaining table in 1978. In 1974 the coal industry thought it was buying labor peace by succumbing to UMW demands for the fattest package of wage increases and fringe benefits in coal's history. Three years later coal still has more wildcat strikes and higher absenteeism than any other industry. The union's contract forbids strikes (unless authorized by its International Executive Board), but as a practical matter its leaders have been ineffectual in dealing with them, forcing the industry to resort repeatedly to the courts. Or so the industry's argument goes.

Now we go to a rank-and-file miner responding to a suggestion that the next contract should contain an explicit no-strike clause:

"Our people," he said, "have a deep-seated prejudice against this. They are not going to surrender the right to strike if they feel they have a just cause to strike for."

Problem: No sooner is the ink dry on a new contract than the companies begin whittling away at our rights and trying to fire us for looking cross-eyed at a foreman. This is the striking-is-our-only-weapon theme, also very much heard these days, particularly in West Virginia, where coal companies once could operate their mines with a completely free hand and have not yet accepted the idea that those days are over. They have offered fierce resistance to federal safety enforcement efforts and have bitterly opposed the union's gradual encroachment into traditional areas of management prerogative—notably involving training of new miners, assignment of helpers to miners working dangerous equipment, safety enforcement, and job assignments generally. By asserting themselves so unrelentingly, the companies force miners to protect their rights with the only weapon that works—the strike. Or so the miners' argument goes.

Caught between these irreconcilable positions, the union's leadership is in a bind—as its president tried to explain at a rowdy convention. He sympathized with miners who had been denied their rights by management, he joined in castigating operators for chronic high-handedness, but then he added:

"When the contract is made and signed, if we expect the operators to carry out those provisions that are advantageous to us, we in turn must carry out just as explicitly those provisions which are unfavorable to us."

Remote and Isolated

Words like these sound like sweet reason to union leaders, but in the UMW they spell trouble. Rank-and-file miners see the leaders as remote and isolated at best, and ineffectual and prone to sell out their interests at worst. They are disinclined to listen when the leadership issues its frequent calls for unity and responsibility. Company officials, on the other hand, see the UMW leaders as tacitly condoning anarchy by refusing to discipline the leaders of unauthorized strikes.

These three quotations fairly represent the general spectrum of discord and controversy in coal today. But the quote from the coal operator actually comes from the negotiations of 1923. The quote from the militant miner goes back to 1914. And the anguished president was speaking in 1902.

The fact that the past is filled with ghostly echoes of the same rhetoric that blows across the coalfields in 1978 should tell us something. There is a tendency to see today's situation as proof positive that the UMW is deep into its twilight years, with nightfall and oblivion just around the corner. But it has been in trouble before—perhaps even in worse trouble than today.

Philosophy students wonder whether a tree falling in the forest makes any sound if nobody is there to hear it. The United Mine Workers,

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both in terms of membership size and political influence, was the mightiest tree in the labor forest in 1940, at a time when coal was the most important of fuels and John L. Lewis the most fearsome of men. People wonder today whether that tree is about to fall. My guess is that it fell nearly 20 years ago.

It was mostly dead, or at least rotting, before it keeled over. Its fall was long in coming, a part of the slow debilitation of an entire industry. Oil and gas and the atom are often blamed, but they must share the blame with the astonishingly fossilized leadership of the coal industry itself, an industry more than ordinarily reluctant to accept the idea that the earth may not be flat and that time marches on.

Coal has never been a glamorous industry from a managerial standpoint and it has never attracted very many of the best and the brightest. Its long decline from a position of dominance among fuels—a decline that began after World War I and is only just now beginning to level off—made a bad situation even worse.

The union's leadership, especially after Lewis stepped down in 1960, suffered from the same affliction. There was still life in the tree—in a few of its branches, and among its tangled roots—but not enough to support it. There must have been one hell of a crash when it fell; but it's hard to know for sure, because hardly anyone was there to hear it. In those days, the UMW was not good copy.

If you accept the theory that the tree fell long ago, then what is happening now appears in a different light. Of course, the UMW's chances of survival and growth may be slim in a time when almost all labor unions are losing members. But it is plausible, at least, to argue that the life that lingered on in the old tree is struggling to send out new shoots. I believe that this is happening, and that it is a hopeful process. After all, the UMW, more than many unions, has weathered turmoil before.

A Basic Struggle

From 1890, when the union was formed out of the merger of the Knights of Labor and the National Federation of Miners, until the great anthracite strike of 1902—which marked the first time that a President of the United States directly mediated a labor dispute—the UMW was engaged in a basic struggle for recognition. Between 1890 and 1900 there were more than 2,500 strikes involving nearly two million miners.

From 1902 until the end of World War I, the UMW consolidated and grew in the coalfields of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, and Indiana. Its leaders were, from the first, moderate men, caught up in what was then a ruthlessly competitive industry, and they saw their mission not only in terms of protecting their members' rights but also in terms of rationalizing the industry, which meant reducing the total number of operating companies—the only way to control oversupply and cause prices to rise high enough to cover reasonable wage demands. Some of the coal operators saw a community of interest with the UMW as the only way to achieve stable prices and costs, thus avoiding permanent chaos.

Others saw things very differently. This was especially true in the remote mountainous coalfields of southern Appalachia, which developed very suddenly after the railroads opened a transportation link to the Northeast just before World War I. Coal operators used the railroads to bring in hundreds of thousands of non-union miners and used brute force to keep them under control.

Wartime meant boom, peacetime meant bust. Coal markets declined. There were still too many companies and too much production, resulting in depressed prices and slashed wages. The coal operators were unimaginative in most things, but they were resourceful when it came to gouging the miner. They charged him for his tools, they charged him for the explosives he

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used to get out their coal; they charged him for his home; they charged him for trading at the company store and paid him in scrip to keep him from trading anywhere else; they charged him for the company doctor; they charged him for sending his kids to the company school; they provided no pension; but they took a paycheck deduction to cover the cost of burying him. Those days are not part of some ancient and forgotten past: you can go to Kentucky or West Virginia tomorrow and find the wreckage. It still lives and breathes and remembers.

The operators had a lock on their territory that defied every effort of the UMW to pick or break. They hired the judges who wrote the injunctions and the deputies who dumped dissident miners into the streets, evicting them without notice from the company houses; when the National Guard was called in, the operators paid their wages. They posted machine guns at the mine entrances and surrounded the hills with a wall of fear.

By 1932 the UMW was all but broken. Simple statistics measured its erratic heartbeat: in 1919, the union had controlled 70 per cent of the nation's coal production, but a decade later it was below 40 per cent nationally and as low as ten per cent in West Virginia, Kentucky, and Tennessee. Membership in the union had dropped from 500,000 in 1923 to 150,000 by 1932; three quarters of America's coal miners were no longer part of the United Mine Workers. The experts looked at the charts and listened to the sounds of discord within the union and confidently predicted its imminent demise.

But they could not foresee that the New Deal would ride to the rescue in 1933 with the National Industrial Recovery Act, protecting the right of workers to join unions. Lewis took full advantage of it. His organizers scored smashing successes all across the same territory in which they had been whipped raw for so many years. By 1940 UMW brains and money had been used to help launch

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the Auto Workers, the Rubber Workers, the electrical unions—the whole spectrum of the Congress of Industrial Organizations, led by Lewis. And the UMW was the first among equals in the CIO, with a membership of 600,000—a 400 per cent increase in eight years, a rate of growth never seen before or since in the American labor movement.

Another Turning Point

Who could have said, at that point, that the UMW did *not* have a future—a truly awesome future? But in fact it was another turning point. A new world war produced another boom for coal, but it was also a period of bitter strikes in which Lewis was still in the old familiar role of trying to force rationalization on an industry that would not rationalize itself. In 1946, with wages still frozen under wartime regulations, Lewis concentrated on increasing benefits, and forced creation of a welfare and retirement fund—but he got it because he was negotiating not with the operators but with the federal government, which had seized the mines. It says something about those operators that at a time when the industry had already jettisoned thousands of miners—because they were too sick and crippled and short of breath to be of any further use—there was no general sense of having any obligation whatever to provide them with any kind of income. Again, in the coalfields this is not ancient history; this was the day before yesterday.

Some of the larger operators were shrewd enough to begin mechanizing as a way of controlling labor costs. Lewis confronted a classic problem faced by many another labor leader in a modernizing industry: do you dig in and try to protect everybody's jobs, or do you accept shrinkage of the labor force with the hope of negotiating a better standard of living for those who remain in it? For Lewis there was no need to ponder the question. He had been urging mechanization on the industry since at least 1925. There was no featherbedding in the mines; just the opposite.

To generate the capital necessary for mechanization, the industry launched a period of intense merger activity, first within its own ranks and later sweeping outward to include acquisition of the largest coal companies by the largest oil companies. Although Lewis had stepped down before these latest mergers took place, the awesome concentration of economic and political power that they represented probably would not have bothered him, if it was the price that had to be paid for controlling supply in order to increase prices. At Lewis' command, the great strikes of the 1940s gave way to a long period of almost stupefying peace in the 1950s. The coal operators who had compared Lewis unfavorably to the Antichrist in 1940 toasted him with the best champagne when he stepped down in 1960.

But it was a deceptive kind of labor peace with consequences that were already making themselves felt when Lewis retired. Mechanization had its benefits, but it had its victims: miners were laid off by the hundreds, then by the thousands and tens of thousands. Lewis looked the other way. The operators looked the other way. The federal government looked the other way.

Those Godforsaken Mines

By 1963, you could not walk a block in any mountain town without encountering dozens of old miners, lost in a world that had no use for them anymore—stripped of their jobs, stripped of their medical cards, stripped of any prospect of a pension after giving their lives to those godforsaken mines. And this, too, is not history; this was yesterday, and those men are still there, except for the thousands who have lost the battle with Black Lung.

The period of mechanization unhappily overlapped directly with the period of the industry's sharpest de-

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cline, as markets were lost to oil and gas. It was a time of stagnation for the UMW on all fronts: Lewis was out, replaced by lesser men; since the industry was not hiring, old miners grew older and young men went elsewhere. Recovery, when it finally came in the late 1960s, found the UMW with leaders unequal to the task and a membership with the oldest median age in any major industry.

Growing and Growing Younger

Demand for energy of all kinds in the past ten years has meant rapid growth and change once again for the UMW. Membership, down to 150,000 in 1965, had risen to nearly 280,000 by the end of 1977. More significantly, the median age had dropped in the same time period from 48 to 31. The UMW thus ranks high up in the select list of unions which are both growing in size and growing younger. And the speed with which these changes have taken place probably outstrips the experience of any other major union. Changes of such magnitude—creating a membership profile that shows a third of the members ready to retire and another third too green for their own good—would create stress and tension for even the most stable union. Young miners, for instance, are concerned with more money up front, more paid time off, and more freedom to pick the job assignments they want—demands that carry big dollar signs and the need for militant support from the leadership—while older miners are understandably more concerned about holding on to their seniority rights and retiring on a stable pension plan with adequate funding to stay ahead of inflation. With priorities so obviously in conflict, union leaders must walk cautiously among their members.

That the current UMW leadership has been unable to deal with the situation is not news to anyone close to the industry. But its predecessors did no better. In 1969, when West Virginia miners shut down the entire state in protest over the legislature's refusal to enact a Black Lung compensation bill, UMW President W.A. "Tony" Boyle was caught completely by surprise. A few months later, the first serious challenge for the leadership in more than 40 years came rumbling out of western Pennsylvania in the person of Jock Yablonski, and the UMW leadership ultimately broke that challenge by murdering the challenger and most of his family. But by 1972 a new challenge had been mounted, and this one carried the day, sweeping a reform movement headed by Arnold Miller into the UMW's gloomy Washington headquarters in December 1972.

There are many reasons why the bright promise of reform has faded during the past five years. Lewis, confronting persistent challenges during the 1920s and 1930s stifled them by putting almost every UMW district into trusteeship. Boyle carried that policy forward, successfully smothering any and all attempts to encourage the orderly development and upward percolation of local leaders. Thus the reformers of 1972 were union members, but they were also outsiders—in the sense that they had never held any important offices, had never had an opportunity to develop the kind of political sophistication that can only come with long exposure to the give-and-take of union politics.

Implacably Hostile

They had little opportunity to learn on the job. The dust had hardly settled from the election campaign before Boyle supporters on the union's International Executive Board were challenging Arnold Miller at every turn. The old hands who had weathered the Boyle years knew a lot about political survival. It was not long before they effectively controlled the board, which shares constitutional power with the president. The reformers had lifted the blanket of trustee-

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ships from the districts, permitting free elections, but they lacked the depth of organization to go out and help elect sympathetic candidates. Soon the district presidencies and the seats on the board were occupied predominantly by men who were implacably hostile to the reformers and who nursed the kind of finely honed grudge that can be found in any politician who has suffered a defeat at the hands of the squeaky-cleans. They converted that grudge into a series of skirmishes with Miller and his staff over virtually every action and policy that the UMW undertook.

Before the Ink Was Dry

In the midst of this, the UMW negotiated a new national contract in 1974. Thanks to the industry's staggering profits, the UMW negotiators were able to put together a package of economic benefits that amounted to a 54 percent increase over the previous contract—an accomplishment unsurpassed even by Lewis in his best years.

But there were ominous signs of trouble to come, even before the ink was dry. Some of these signs were visible—for example, the difficulty that the union experienced in getting the contract ratified. Rank-and-file ratification of contracts was something new for coal miners, and it was something of a test of confidence in Miller's administration. The reformers had barely beaten Boyle in 1972; two years later the contract was adopted by the same kind of narrow margin, suggesting that Miller had failed to broaden his base of support in the interim.

Other signs were less visible. The contract contained a new grievance-resolving mechanism in which a dispute, if it could not be resolved at a lower level, ultimately wound up in the hands of an Arbitration Review Board, the first industry-wide tribunal in the coalfields. Coal miners had long been deeply cynical about the chances of ever having a dispute fairly and promptly settled—it was a common belief that coal operators routinely win back through grievance-handling whatever they lose at the bargaining table—but they were generally open-minded about the new approach. But both industry and the union were woefully slow in doing their part to get it set up, and by the time it went into operation, more than a year behind schedule, there was such a backlog of cases that the board has never caught up. Moreover, some of its recent decisions—perhaps reflecting frustration on the part of the arbitrators—have been extremely harsh; in one instance, the board gave companies the green light to fire any miner who participates in a wildcat strike, with no regard for what might have precipitated the strike in the first place. Not surprisingly, angry miners have demanded that the board be done away with, raising the question of whether the coal industry will develop any kind of workable method of settling its disputes in the foreseeable future.

The 1974 negotiations were my first as the UMW's research director. I somehow assumed that the operators would come to the bargaining table equipped with a battery of ideas and proposals that would address the fundamental causes of the problems in labor relations that already loomed so large; we prepared detailed proposals of our own and drafted position papers to answer theirs. Theirs, however, didn't exist. Sometimes they put forward practical reasons why one of our proposals wouldn't work, but if their long experience had allowed them to glean any insights into improving labor relations, they left them at home. For them it was business as usual.

The New Wave

They chose to ignore the implications of the new wave of young men and women coming to their mines—coming with none of the fears of joblessness that used to keep miners on the job even under the most

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oppressive conditions. The new miners were not afraid to talk back; and they had higher expectations. They expected not only to earn more money than their fathers and grandfathers, but also to have more say about the hours they worked, the physical conditions in which they worked, and the job assignments they accepted. They were not in awe of management; in mines where there was a pattern of obvious mismanagement, the new miners would catch on quickly and thereafter could not be coaxed, cajoled, or browbeaten into giving management more than the absolute minimum of their time and effort.

Uniquely Unsuited

Warning flags were up all along the horizon, but the operators chose to ignore the approaching storm. They would not talk about safety except in platitudes; they would not talk for many weeks about the need to do something for retired miners who were then receiving the grand sum of $150 a month in pension benefits. Coal operators have often been characterized as uniquely unsuited to the twentieth century; as a generalization it is unfair to some people, but at the bargaining table in 1974 it was not wide of the mark.

Nothing much had changed by the time negotiations began for a new contract late in 1977. The union, by that time, had been through three years of unrelenting turmoil, capped by a bitter three-way campaign in which Miller was narrowly reelected in June. Before negotiations got under way in October, it was common to hear that the operators were much better prepared than in 1974. All the evidence now suggests that this was not at all the case—that in three years' time the industry could not analyze its problems and come forward with anything that both sides could grapple with.

Instead, the industry produced a package of punitive provisions aimed at imposing harsh discipline, even discharge, on any miner bullheaded enough to participate in an unauthorized strike. Taking this approach, instead of pursuing a solution to the underlying friction that results in so many disputes, is the rough equivalent of a doctor treating a persistent cancer by beating the patient over the head with a board. Weakened by its internal divisions and by the repeated strikes that swept the coalfields in the months just prior to expiration of the old contract, the UMW was ill-equipped to deal with the industry's approach to bargaining; but if anything was clear in the otherwise hopeless muddle of the negotiations and the long strike that followed, it was that neither side was pushing the kind of initiatives that might lead to improved long-term labor relations in coal.

Among reporters, there has been a tendency to give great weight to the fact that the UMW's control of production has slipped in recent years; the inference seems to be that whatever happens, the country as a whole will not be affected. Nothing, it seems to me, could be further from the truth.

Cut into the Share

The development of giant strip mines in the West—operated, for the most part, by oil companies and other energy conglomerates that have successfully resisted the UMW's organizing efforts—has demonstrably cut into the UMW's overall share of production nationally, but the hard-core coalfields of the East are still UMW country. They produce almost all the coal used by the steel industry and most of the coal consumed by utilities east of the Mississippi. Any coal company working the seams of West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, southwestern Virginia, northern Alabama, and much of Kentucky and Tennessee will in the great majority of cases be using UMW labor, in mines where the UMW tradition may have been weakened but where, never-

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theless, there is an awareness of what can happen to miners without union protection. Miners may not like their union leaders but they tend to like management even less, especially when management tries to deal with them like a parent scolding a delinquent son. Management has brought this attitude to the bargaining table down through the years, getting away with it only because miners in the past worried about what they would do for a living if they talked back and got thrown out in the street. Increasingly, today's miners suffer no such qualms—a fact that the coal industry apparently has chosen to ignore.

Dangerous as Hell

It is small wonder that miners today often feel contempt for their employers and frustration on the job. Consider some of the facts that a man or woman confronts when he or she goes to work in the mines today.

Fact: They are still dangerous as hell, and the average company does little about it except under violent protest. The industry's accident frequency rate is still three times the national average; last year, 138 miners were killed on the job, another 4,000 working and retired miners lost the battle with Black Lung, and more than 12,000 miners suffered disabling injuries. It is commonplace to hear that miners are philosophical, even fatalistic about hazards on the job. People can become fatalistic for many reasons, one of which is a feeling of helplessness to do anything about the situation; that does happen to many miners. It is tied up with feeling no sense of confidence—in management, in the union, in the federal inspectors—and that feeling in turn derives from direct experience and observation.

Fact: There is no certainty that things will get much better. Every serious study of the past five years suggests, for example, that miners are still being exposed to concentrations of respirable dust sufficiently high to mean that thousands more will die from Black Lung. It is not a disease of the past, any more than many other unsafe or unhealthful conditions are part of the past. Industry's contribution to solving this situation has consisted of lobbying energetically against improved compensation legislation and against any system in which miners would share responsibility for measuring their intake of dust.

Nobody Knows

Fact: Industry has been notably reluctant to experiment with different work rules and job performance standards. Absenteeism, typically running ten to 15 per cent and often higher on the midnight shift, might be controlled by going to shorter work weeks. Nobody has tried it. The change would have an effect on productivity. For better or worse? Nobody knows. Because nobody has tried it. The local right to strike, a popular demand among many miners, which was halfheartedly proposed but not won by the UMW in the recent bargaining talks, might not be seen as an invitation to anarchy if anybody had been willing to experiment with it during the past three years—it might, in fact, have provided a mutually beneficial safety valve, by permitting locals to take action over issues of importance, while on the other hand clearly requiring that strike votes be conducted by secret ballot. But nobody knows whether it would work or not, because nobody has been willing to try it.

Training miners to perform each other's jobs, and then rotating them on crews and paying them all the same wage rate might be beneficial both in terms of safety and, again, in minimizing the effects of absenteeism—since another miner could step into an absent miner's job. But only one of the more than 5,000 mines in the country experimented with this procedure during the past three years, despite UMW encouragement.

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Fact: Young miners without large families do not need a whole lot of money to survive. They may not be motivated to go to the mines every day just because the boss wants them there. They will go more regularly if they are treated fairly and if the company demonstrates that it knows how to mine coal efficiently, productively, and safely. But they would go even more regularly if the parking lot were paved and the access road were not full of car-wrecking pot holes all winter; if the hot water in the showers worked; if there were enough showers and a place to hang wet work clothing; if they felt that supervisors did not award the best jobs to the most docile miners; if they felt that a grievance would be handled on its merits, and not in the framework of compiling a won-lost record; if they felt that the company cared.

Fact: The coal companies are the dominant economic and political force in the coalfields, but they are not admired for it. Miners in West Virginia hear about the industry's profits, but they know those profits are not coming back to West Virginia. They have eyes: they can see the schools, the roads, the communities without sanitation systems, the strip-mine highwalls, the rivers filled with silt and acid. What good does it do them to earn a full year's pay when they can't find land to build a home? And when they live in towns without any kind of recreation facilities?

The Country as a Whole

Questions like these loom large not only in the future of the United Mine Workers but for the country as a whole. On its face, a sentence like that seems preposterous: why should the average American give a damn about what happens to the UMW?

The answer, in its narrowest terms, may simply be that the average American will be *affected* by what happens to the UMW. Continued chaos in the coalfields inevitably will have some effect on the nation's ability to meet its energy needs with domestic resources, and failure to meet those needs will mean sluicing billions of dollars away every year to the Middle East, with resultant inflation at home. But in broader terms the answer to that question involves challenging some of what passes for conventional wisdom in this country.

It requires no intellectual effort to condemn, with fine impartiality, all labor unions for having lost touch with their members and having lost the drive and zeal they had when they were young. This situation is bemoaned by observers qualified or otherwise every day. Labor unions are blamed for New York's financial troubles: bad press for labor. George Meany looks and sounds like an irrelevant relic from the past: bad press for labor. But there is another side.

Isolated Citizens

Anyone familiar with the problems of Appalachia—and the almost complete failure of all of our institutions to deal with those problems—cannot be guileless enough to assume that those problems will be solved by a sudden burst of enthusiasm on the part of isolated citizens scattered through the mountains. It is hard to escape the idea that large problems must be addressed by organizations large enough to deal with them, invigorated with new blood and new determination. The United Mine Workers grew, like many unions, from the frustration of workers (read: citizens) who discovered a capacity for collective action and accomplishment that was impossible individually. The problems may be different today but the need exists as always; and the theory that the internal concerns of a troubled union are of no moment to the rest of us brings to mind the old warning about asking not for whom the bell tolls. ■

Subscription offer on page 17

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Who's Who in the Carter Administration

Carter's mishandling of the Marston case illustrates an irony: while Carter came to power through politics, he is an officer-engineer-technocrat at heart with real disdain for politics and politicians. Thus, when he feels he has to act politically, he does it as one who must shut his eyes, grit his teeth, and do the deed—meaning he usually does it badly. . . . Another example is the case of **Frank Neel**, the air conditioning contractor from Thomasville, Georgia. Neel, who had been active in three Carter campaigns and a member of the Georgia Democratic central committee, was nominated by Carter to the board of Amtrak as a political independent. His devotion to trains is just as intense as his political independence. His last ride on one was in 1964. . . . We have reported that the West Wing of the White House is remarkably free of backbiting. The same cannot be said of the East Wing where the First Lady's staff works. . . . As in many offices throughout the country at this time of year, there is a table in the Executive Office Building stacked with income tax forms for the convenience of White House employees. The form that disappeared from the table fastest was the one for income averaging. Lawyers and accountants will see the joke immediately. For the rest of our readers, here's the explanation. Tax averaging is a device permitted by the IRS for taxpayers whose incomes have risen markedly so that they can average in their lower incomes of previous years and avoid a big tax bite in the year of the big raise. So, not only are you paying for the huge salary increases given to the members of the White House staff, but you will also pay more taxes so they can pay less.

Appointments since our last issue:

AGRICULTURE

Assistant Secretary for Marketing Services—P. R. (Bobby) Smith is expected to be nominated soon by Carter. Smith is now the special assistant to Secretary of Agriculture Bergland.

COMMERCE

Deputy Assistant Secretary for Maritime Affairs—Samuel B. Nemirow was general counsel of the Federal Maritime Administration.

DEFENSE

Under Secretary for Policy—Henry Owen was the director of foreign policy studies at Brookings. He will rank directly below Secretary Harold Brown and Deputy Secretary Charles Duncan.

ENERGY

Assistant Secretary for Personnel Administration—Thomas S. McFee has served as Deputy Assistant Secretary for Management Planning and Technology. This marks the first time personnel administration has been elevated to the assistant secretary level.

INTERIOR

Director of the Bureau of Land Management—Frank Gregg was the chairman of the New England River Basin Commission.

Director of the Office of Coal Leasing—Michelle Zarubica was a budget analyst in the Office of Management and Budget handling the Bureau of Land Management's budget. She is also a former staff member of the Environmental Protection Agency.

JUSTICE

Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation—William H. Webster has been on the Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals since 1973. Mr. Webster is a graduate of Amherst College and Washington University Law School. He spent the next 20 years in private practice with the exception of two years as U.S. Attorney in St. Louis. President Nixon appointed him to the District Court in 1970.

LABOR

Director of the Office of Worker's Compensation Programs—Ralph M. Hartman had been a member of the department's Benefits Review Board.

STATE

Ambassador to Fiji—John P. Condon recently taught at the Industrial College of the

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Armed Forces. He is a career government employee who has specialized in labor issues.

Ambassador to the Netherlands—Geri Joseph has been a Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party activist and has been a reporter and columnist.

AGENCIES AND COMMISSIONS

Consumer Product Safety Commission

Member—Edith B. Sloan has been director of Washington D.C.'s Office of Consumer Protection and previously was executive director of National Committee on Household Employment.

Member—Susan B. King was the special assistant to the chairman of the Federal Election Commission. Previously she has been vice president of the Center for Public Financing of Elections and Washington director of the National Committee for an Effective Congress.

Environmental Protection Agency

Legal Counsel and Special Assistant to the Deputy Administrator—David Andrews was legal counsel for EPA's California region.

Deputy Assistant Administrator for Solid Waste—Steffen W. Plehn has been assistant staff director of the Council on Environmental Quality and most recently served as executive assistant to the EPA administrator.

Federal Comunications Commission

Chief of the Cable Television Bureau—Philip L. Verveer was the lead attorney in the Justice Department's antitrust suit against American Telephone and Telegraph. More recently Verveer was the supervising attorney of the FCC's Bureau of Competition.

Federal Maritime Commission

Member—Leslie L. Kanuk is a marketing professor at Baruch College, City University of New York.

Federal Trade Commission

Director of the Bureau of Economics —William S. Comanor was an economics professor at the University of California. He has previously worked in the Justice Department Anti-Trust Division.

Acting Director of the Office of Public Information—Raymond L. Randall has been assistant director of the agency's Washington regional office.

Import-Export Bank of the U.S.

First Vice President—H.K. Allen is the chairman of the board of several Texas banks.

National Endowment for the Humanities

Deputy Chairman for Policy, Planning, and Public Affairs—B. J. Stiles has been serving as an assistant to the director for the past few months. He has served as foundation executive, director of fellows of the Robert F. Kennedy Memorial, and director of publications for the Urban Institute. Earlier Stiles was editor of *Motive Magazine*.

National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration.

Deputy Administrator—James P. Walsh was previously general counsel of the Senate Commerce Committee.

National Traffic Safety Board

Member—Elwood T. Driver had been director of crash avoidance for the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration.

Postal Rate Commission

Chairman—Alvin H. Gandal has been director of the Office of Contract Analysis of the U.S. Postal Service.

RESIGNATIONS AND WITHDRAWN NOMINATIONS

Consumer Product Safety Commission

Chairman of the Commission—S. John Byington has submitted his resignation effective June 30, 1978.

Secretary of the Commission—Richard Rapps was removed from his post by the Chairman **John Byington** because of alleged absenteeism.

Federal Communications Commission

Chief of the Cable Television Bureau—James R. Hobson has resigned effective March 1, 1978.

Interstate Commerce Commission

Secretary of the Commission—Robert L. Oswald has been fired by the commission because of allegations that he failed to abide by its code of conduct. He had been the subject of a Justice Department inquiry into influence of organized crime at the commission.

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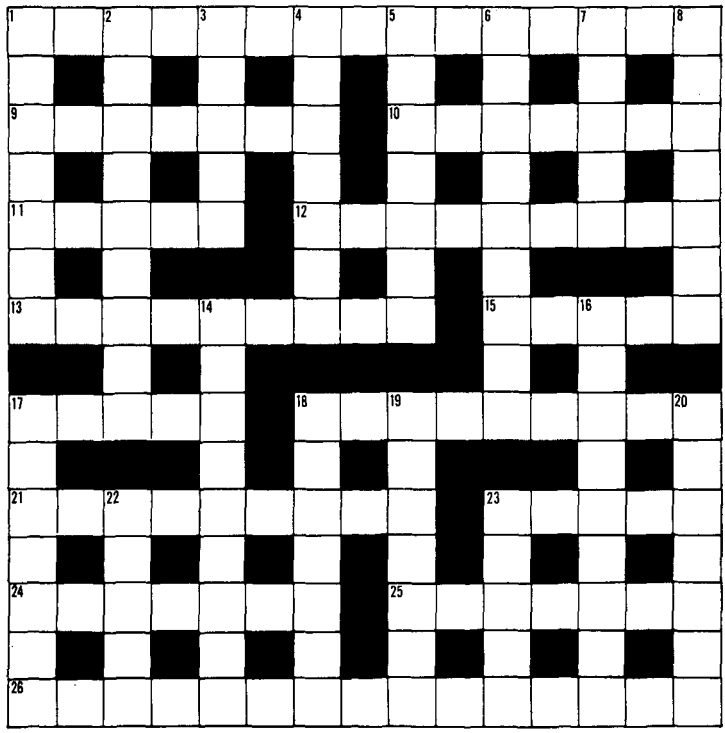
the political puzzle

by John Barclay



ACROSS

1. Mere purest touch transformed Washington nine. (3,7,5)
9. Trounce, in a way, on new canvass. (7)
10. Overrate not a man who caused 10 Across. (7)
11. Lay saint arranged spicy demonstration. (5)
12. Belonging here in wild dance. (9)
13. A pervert I made into a venturesome sailor. (9)
15. To bid, or not to bid? (1,4)
17. Lady, or mate, or class. (5)
18. Blue pucks used when he puts galoshes on. (7,2)
21. Arab tiger upset good market position. (9)
23. A slip marks the end of a reign of terror. (5)
24. Take routes North for severe hair cut. (7)
25. To arrange fifty in sets back-to-back. (7)
26. Plato's rape focus for bodies on benches! (6,2,7)

DOWN

1. Appears to put runs in disarray. (5,2)
2. Shavings to make different sex recoil. (9)
3. Wholly improper interest. (5)
4. To go back bring Carter back East. (7)
5. Demonstrator who puts monument in foreign waters. (7)
6. Model arranged to clog river. (5,4)
7. Put on display for Sinclair. (5)
8. Gymnasts perform rerun in back street. (7)
14. Economic policy makes unit start. (4,5)
16. USA lariat around whole continent. (9)
17. Craft in mad, mad world. (7)
18. Enchanced car robe for laborer. (7)
19. Leaches part of London. (7)
20. The dogmatic stirs up mixture. (7)
22. African involved in Theban turmoil. (5)
23. Poets managed to create obstacle. (5)

The numbers indicate the number of letters and words, e. g. (2,3) means a two-letter word followed by a three-letter word. Groups of letters, e. g. USA, are treated as one word. Answers to last month's puzzle are on page 60.

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The Secret Pleasures of the White House Press

by Eleanor Randolph

Years ago, when I told my mother that I intended to become a newspaper reporter in my hometown, she showed a sign of distress that I had come to know well over the years: she put her head in her hands and quietly lamented the loss of the $10,000 she and my father had borrowed to send me to college. Her reaction was understandable in the Southern town I came from, a place where the resident newspapermen left a wake of disrepute wherever they went. One editor had married the town stripper, who occasionally locked the house on him, which forced him to keep his clothes in the bottom drawer of the city desk. Another, a constant smoker, fell asleep one night in a sleazy motel and nearly burned up the town's entire one-block red light district.

So my mother had come by her view of newspaper people as "different" and "unpredictable" honestly. For her only daughter to be a newspaper reporter edged precariously close to being a family scandal.

It came as some relief in my hometown, then, when I was awarded my White House press pass two years ago, and, shortly afterwards, the back of my head made its first appearance on national TV. My stock in the family rose dramatically. My parents still call sometimes and ask me, with obvious pride, how the President is doing.

To the extent that I cover the White House, a task that my editors at *The Chicago Tribune* ask me to do occasionally, I am a success back in my old neighborhood. But covering the White House can be a lot more fun to talk about with the people back home in Northwest Florida than it is to actually do. Reporting on the President of the United States (especially this President) is, as far as I can see, not much different from covering city hall. The only major difference between them, in fact, is that the White House sounds better.

Now I don't want to appear to be complaining. I have had a lot worse jobs in the newspaper business. Once in Chicago I had to cover a fire in February. Another time in St. Petersburg, Florida, I witnessed a beauty contest where the winner of the talent competition styled seven wigs. Covering the White House is better than those things, and sometimes it can even be enlightening, important, and educational. It can be a breathtaking brush with war and peace and other forms of history. It can also be a good way of getting free trips.

As Washington's huge corps of press critics has repeatedly pointed out, news of the White House is usually fed to a complacent circle of reporters who dutifully swallow whatever the press secretary tells them. Indeed, it's true that there are newsmen and women, who will go unnamed because I have to see them again, who derive their careers from those daily briefings. On the other hand, most of the truly good reporters I know at the White House, like Charles Mohr and James Wooten, former *New York Times* White House correspondents, or Curtis Wilkie of *The Boston Globe* or Sam Donaldson of ABC, spend their days tracking

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down elaborations of the day's news. For them, the daily feeding is little more than a snack.

Still, the good as well as the bad must spend an inordinate amount of time waiting for the briefing, living through it, and then deciding whether it's worth writing about. It reminds me of stories about Mayor Richard J. Daley, who never liked to tell reporters when his press conferences would be. He preferred that they wait in the press room for his call—a practice that had the added advantage of keeping newsmen from leaving the press office and perhaps stumbling on some tidbit Daley didn't want to get out.

Why They Do Them

This isn't a story about how well White House reporters do their jobs; it's about why they do them at all. I want to explain why all of us find ourselves over at the White House occasionally, feeling strangely proud while writing some of the lowest dog-easy copy that journalism has ever known. Why do top-notch reporters, and some not so top-notch reporters, spend so much time as presidential stenographers?

The reasons include, for some, the easiness of the work—which requires a lot of energy, but not much of the vast journalistic talent that some of us like to think we possess. It's also a good way to get on the front page or on the nightly news. I recall an occasion when I had to rush over to the White House because our correspondent was on assignment that day. I was told that nothing would happen, but shortly after I arrived, President Ford appeared with a heavy heart and a prepared statement. The statement said that he had just fired Agriculture Secretary Earl Butz for talking dirty. The next morning my story dominated our front page.

Perhaps because that is so easy and perhaps because most newspapers want their White House correspondents to follow these daily

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events, it is not often that one of the members of the White House press corps has the time to sit back and tell what it's really like, the way Jim Wooten did, for example, when he compared Jimmy Carter's work style to that of his mentor, Admiral Hyman Rickover. These stories are difficult, but they are the kind of work that many White House correspondents would prefer to do. For reasons of time, the limits of human energy, and, especially, the limits of understanding in the home office, most White House correspondents don't explain why something is happening at the White House. They are often too busy reporting simply that it's happening.

There are other reasons for doing this kind of work besides the fact that it's easy. Some of the more candid correspondents admit they do it because it impresses people—sometimes even people in Washington. Some of them explain that the White House beat is the highest you can go in the news business without opting out to become a flack or, worse, an editor. In a profession that has no respect, the title White House Correspondent may be as close as some of us will ever come to ordinary dignity.

It doesn't hurt that sometimes reporters can get tickets to White House tours for their children or personalized photos of the President signed by several staff members who are government-approved experts at forging their chief executive's signature. It also doesn't hurt that the White House press corps is full of funny, odd people who play tricks on each other or turn a good phrase now and then or privately make fun of some of our former world leaders (one news magazine writer who covers the White House does a very good imitation of the late Generalissimo Franco, who apparently walked the way Charlie Chaplin would have walked if his legs had been bound at the knees).

But the most important reason for staying in the White House press room is the feeling that you are in the middle of things. Sometimes, it is the

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heady feeling that just down the hall the President of the United States is quietly changing the world by trying to talk the Israelis and the Arabs into trying to talk or looking for a way not to be impeached or trying to end the Vietnam war or trying to start the Vietnam war or trying not to pass the buck or not to buck the military-industrial complex. Sometimes it is the less heady feeling of knowing that Johnson talked dirty or Kennedy liked girls or Ford looks more like a monkey in person than on television and Carter looks shorter and older in the Rose Garden than he does on the nightly news.

This has been called the desire to have a front-row seat in the theater of history, which is a good position because it is far enough away that you don't get blamed for anything but still close enough to write a book about it.

Of course, I sometimes worry about this position and whether it allows some of us to understand the larger trends. I was around last year, for example, when Helmut Schmidt came over to visit Jimmy Carter. I saw Schmidt through several rows of elbows, a web of television microphones, and a brigade of Secret Service agents. I can speak with great expertise about the area of Helmut Schmidt between his collar and his right shoulder. I can say with the authority that comes only from personal observation that Helmut Schmidt sometimes wears a dark, pinstriped suit.

In short, there are a lot of reasons for covering the White House besides the job. Some of the reasons, as I have mentioned, are not really as grandiose as we would like to believe—the desire for approval by my parents after all these years, the desire for a nice picture of me and Jimmy Carter for my bathroom wall, the realization that even if I don't have anything important in my life, I could at least watch something important. It can be seductive over there past the wrought-iron gates, even if journalistically it would be a lot more fun covering a nice, old-fashioned bank robbery.

Reporters aren't the only people in the world who are afflicted with this malady. The desire to live life for the stories you can tell is present in almost everybody; it just takes different forms. Some people take grueling vacations so they can get the satisfaction of telling their friends about them later. Some people plot their careers according to what will sound most impressive at their college reunion. We in the White House press corps do what's sometimes a not-so-interesting job partly because it impresses practically everybody we come into contact with—friends, family, colleagues.

An Ominous Moment

My first trip to the White House was in 1974. I had been sent to interview Betty Ford as a kind of preview of a visit she planned to make to Chicago. I stood at the glass-lined booth at the northeast gate and gave my name and driver's license to a guard. He closed the door of the booth and looked through a sheaf of papers. Then he called over another guard, who peered through the booth at me. It was an ominous moment; I came very close to confessing that once I almost got arrested for picketing Rich's department store in Atlanta. Finally, one guard picked up the phone and called inside. He then emerged with a pass that had to be clipped onto my suit, and he said the pass could never be out of sight. It was his way of telling me that this moment of trust had its limits. Then he directed me to the White House press room.

The press room, then as now, is not a grand place. It is a long, rectangular room decorated in the kind of furniture that people usually buy shortly after giving birth to their fifth son. The sofas are made of industrial-strength naugahyde. The chairs are sturdy. Someone made the mistake of carpeting the floor with a corn-yellow carpet that sometimes takes on the

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look of a cocker spaniel who has been rolling in fresh mud. The coffee tables are made of some kind of stainless steel and have been worn over the years by so many journalistic feet (and bottoms) that they look like small pieces of an old freighter.

Signs of Impending Action

That afternoon, as I walked in, the room was fairly empty except for a large man who was sitting on one of the couches and slowly flipping his cigar ash on the rug. However, there were signs of impending action and within a few minutes the room was filled with one of the strangest assortments of people I have ever seen. They did not look like people who write for 25 major newspapers and the three big networks. They looked like people who frequently write letters to the editor.

Into this menagerie strode President Gerald Ford. He had descended into the press room, which is about 60 feet from the Oval Office, to announce the appointment of his new press secretary—a smiling Ron Nessen, who had once been a television newsman covering the White House. It was a brief, unremarkable session except that after it was over I knew more about how Ron Nessen was going to do as press secretary than all the people who read the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* stories about his appointment. I knew that the relationship between Ron and the boys in the press room would be a hostile one. I knew it because one of his former colleagues in the television industry was standing next to me during that announcement, and every time Nessen would complete a sentence this man would whisper, not entirely to himself, "you horse's ass."

When I left the White House 45 minutes later, after my appointment with Mrs. Ford, I knew I wanted to come back. I wanted to come back because after I had told the Ron Nessen story a few times it would get old. I wanted to come back because what was going on in there seemed important, and if I was in on what was going on in there, I was important too. I realized that I wanted to come back for all the wrong reasons, and I have resisted the urge as often as possible since then. Still, I succumb.

Now, when I approach the northwest gate, there are people standing in the rain the way I stood four years ago, but I'm not one of them. I flash my official laminated White House pass and achieve a kind of instant governmental acceptance. I try, of course, not to do it pridefully. However, I do recall on one occasion being unable to control a small quiver of emotion when a tourist saw my press pass and took a picture of me. She thought what I had been trying to resist thinking—that if I had that pass, I had to be important. I felt then the same way I feel when I get my Christmas card from Jimmy and Rosalynn.

The White House correspondent's life is full of ingratiating little touches like that. State dinners, for example. I've never been invited to one—either because I don't cover the White House full time, because I'm not in very good odor with the President, or because they haven't gotten around to me. Recently, the White House has entertained a number of reporters at state dinners, including Jack Germond of *The Washington Star,* Sam Donaldson of ABC, Judy Woodruff of NBC, and Stan Cloud of *Time.* If they let those folks in, I figure, I'm next.

Of course, my reporter's intuitive sense of ethics tells me that even if I got such an invitation I would refuse it. Being introduced at a state dinner somehow makes it appear that you are really a part of the administration of the state. I prefer to live under the illusion that I write about it, not run it. Also, I don't have a long dress.

But the state dinners are nothing compared to presidential trips. In fairness, I must say that presidential trips are considered a kind of reward to members of the White House press for

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the long, dreary hours spent in that dark pressroom. Because I have not spent much time there, due in some degree to the general level of humanity of my bosses, I have only taken two presidential trips.

The first was to Calhoun, Georgia, where the President and I and about 20,000 other people spent Easter with his oldest son. It was not a great news weekend, as I recall, but the deputy press secretary, Rex Granum, called to wake me up one afternoon to inform me that I had been chosen as the President's pool reporter for Easter Sunday. He made it sound like an honor. I learned later that I was the only one who wasn't quick enough to remember that if you go to church with the President on Easter Sunday morning, it means you have to get out of bed.

My second trip was to Yazoo City, Mississippi. It was one of those occasions in President Carter's recent history as chief of state when he was still trying to get close to "the people." A lot of the people were there that night in Yazoo City. It was a school gym; it was filled to above capacity; it was summer; and it was not air-conditioned. When the President arrived they turned off the fans so the audience could hear, and they turned on the television lights so the rest of the nation could watch. The temperature rose to 120 degrees, which sent most of the press scurrying into an air-conditioned back room to watch Carter on television just like the rest of America.

The Yazoo City trip did have two small seductions, however. First, the wine on the White House press plane is very good. I would tell you the brand and the year, but unfortunately I drank several large glasses of it and can only remember that it was red. The other advantage was a laminated tag that they gave me for my suitcase. It says Trip of the President in huge letters, below which there is a presidential seal, below which there is my name, in perfect letters. I have never been able to bring myself to remove that tag from my suitcase, in part because it may be the closest I will ever come to the white-hot center of American power. It may also be the closest I will ever get to convincing Eastern Airlines to stop abusing my luggage.

Little Treats

But foreign trips are another thing altogether. Traveling with the President is more than just covering a moving head of state; reporters are part of the court, and many of them know it—if not beforehand, certainly by the time they get abroad. Hotels that cater to the White House press corps traditionally leave little treats in these distinguished visitors' rooms. When Ford went to Paris in 1975, there was Pierre Cardin perfume, wine, brandy, and champagne. One reporter who was unaccustomed to such expensive welcomes figures the hotel spent about $40 per journalist.

On the latest jaunt—seven countries in nine days—there was some small gift at each stop along the way. For the squeamish, bottled mineral water in India. For the healthy, a gym bag in Riyadh. And for the drinkers (at least somebody knew what journalists are really like), native vodka in Poland.

There are those who went on the trip who will tell their grandchildren about the feast the Shah of Iran provided for the White House press corps on New Year's Eve. Piled on a long table was lamb, roast beef, fish, shrimp, chicken, turkey, pork, and, of course, caviar. There were also salads and some unusual-looking vegetables. There were towering cakes and puddings, fancy sauces, bowls of dark chocolate syrup and marshmallow cream. There was booze and wine and champagne, and someone had provided silly hats.

Then, on the way home, as always on trips with the President, there was Shannon Airport. Shannon is the airport in Ireland where presidential press planes refuel on the way back to

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the U.S. When the press corps went to London last year, the plane left London and stopped at Shannon a few hundred miles later to refuel. Likewise, on the last trip, when the plane left Brussels, it stopped an hour later at Shannon, once again to refuel. This does not happen because of the quality of the Irish fuel. Shannon has for many years had what's considered the best duty-free shop in Europe, with the best deal available on Wedgewood china, Waterford crystal, and so on. And back in the States, there's no trouble with customs, because the press plane has its own customs official aboard.

I could do without the Wedgewood and the Shah's New Year's Eve party, but if my bosses decide to banish me from the White House I would miss it. I would miss knowing that Jimmy Carter has fired Arthur Burns a few minutes before anybody who owns a working radio would know it. I would also miss the little things that are seldom written about until the books by all my friends with more permanent seats on the front row of history start coming out. I would miss the one-liners, like the jokes last year about Prime Minister Desai of India, who drinks his own urine. I would not be in on the private feuds, like the recent one when CBS refused to televise Jimmy Carter's speech on the Panama Canal. CBS correspondent Bob Schieffer asked Jody Powell what the President would be wearing for that speech—a business suit, or slacks and a cardigan sweater.

"We're thinking of dressing him in a dancing costume," Powell replied. "Then the CBS executives might think it was entertainment and cover it."

The Early Evening Hours

These are the moments that do not become part of the daily public news but headline the early evening hours when reporters meet at their favorite bar, The Class Reunion. My favorite recent one concerns my friend Curtis Wilkie of the *Boston Globe* who was incensed a few weeks ago when Jody Powell told a Boston audience that the press had made such a big deal of the bloopers of President Carter's interpreter in Poland because of all the iced vodka the reporters had been drinking that evening.

Here is the exchange between Wilkie and Powell, without elaboration, from the White House briefing records:

"Wilkie: Jody, I rise on a point of personal privilege [laughter]. We have suffered under the pieties of the President for some time, but I take exception to your piety last night in Boston where you are reported as saying that, in Poland, 'the verbal slips of Carter's American translator were overemphasized, Powell said, because most of the American press was drunk on well-chilled Polish vodka. It was the most successful job of flacking by the American press under the influence of vodka that I have seen for some time.' Are you serious?

"Powell: Once again, I was somewhat misquoted in the *Boston Globe* [laughter]. I did indicate, as I have to several of you before that I thought that was a right interesting party that they had over there and I did convey what was a misimpression that there was a fair amount of vodka being consumed and a fair amount of flacking going on.

"Wilkie: You had a lot.

"Powell: I had a lot, but I didn't file.

"Wilkie: You just fired the translator.

"Powell: I certainly regret any personal discomfort that my comments may have caused.

'Wilkie: My mother may read it [laughter]. She doesn't know I drink.

"Powell: It is now confirmed that Wilkie has a mother [laughter].

"Wilkie: As opposed to being a mother [laughter.]"

It is being able to tell little stories like that that helps lure me back, long after I have complained to everyone I know about how dismal and dreary and demeaning it is over there. ■

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Impact Aid: Another Fleecing

by Howie Kurtz

Washington is full of programs that serve little purpose, and President Carter is constantly proclaiming his deep antipathy for government waste. So it would seem, logically, that this would be a time when the useless activities of the federal government were rapidly falling by the wayside.

That isn't the case, of course. Reforming government is extremely difficult because even the worst program helps somebody, albeit perhaps somebody undeserving. When the beneficiaries of misguided government largesse are politically strong, which they often are, they can usually make sure that the program that helps them stays alive regardless of its merits. Defense contractors keep needless weapons programs going; social workers keep welfare programs a mess; federal employees remain impervious to firing even for gross incompetence.

A classic case in point is a program known formally as School Assistance to Federally Affected Areas, and informally as impact aid. Impact aid was designed to serve a real purpose more than 30 years ago, but now it's largely a form of welfare for the rich. The Carter administration has tried to do away with the program's most unfair aspects, but so far to no avail—the people it helps may be undeserving, but they're very powerful and very reluctant to give up their special little deal. Because impact aid has a constituency, in other words, its survival doesn't depend on whether or not it's a good program.

Impact aid was created with the best of intentions during World War II, to solve a small crisis the war had brought on at home. Hundreds of thousands of military personnel and other government employees were being moved around the country according to the dictates of the war planners in Washington. Communities might have huge influxes of troops taking up temporary residence.

One thing these influxes of people would upset in communities was public school systems. Public schools are usually financed through property taxes; if a military base is built in a school district all of its personnel will send their children to the public schools there, but they won't be paying property taxes. Therefore the school district is saddled with a huge increase in students without any offsetting increase in revenues. No federal government building has to pay property taxes (as private buildings do), and military personnel who live on bases don't own houses and so don't pay property taxes either. This problem is especially severe for the military in wartime, but it's also evident today—for example, in the District of Columbia, where the vast amount of space taken up by tax-free buildings means the schools are woefully underfinanced.

Impact aid is money the government pays to the "impacted" school districts, to make up for this imbalance between students and revenues and to bring the affected schools up to normal financing levels. But there's one catch in the program that makes it almost completely nonsensical today: the aid is parceled out to school districts according to how many government employees live in them, regardless of whether the school districts are being deprived of property tax money. Thus a school district

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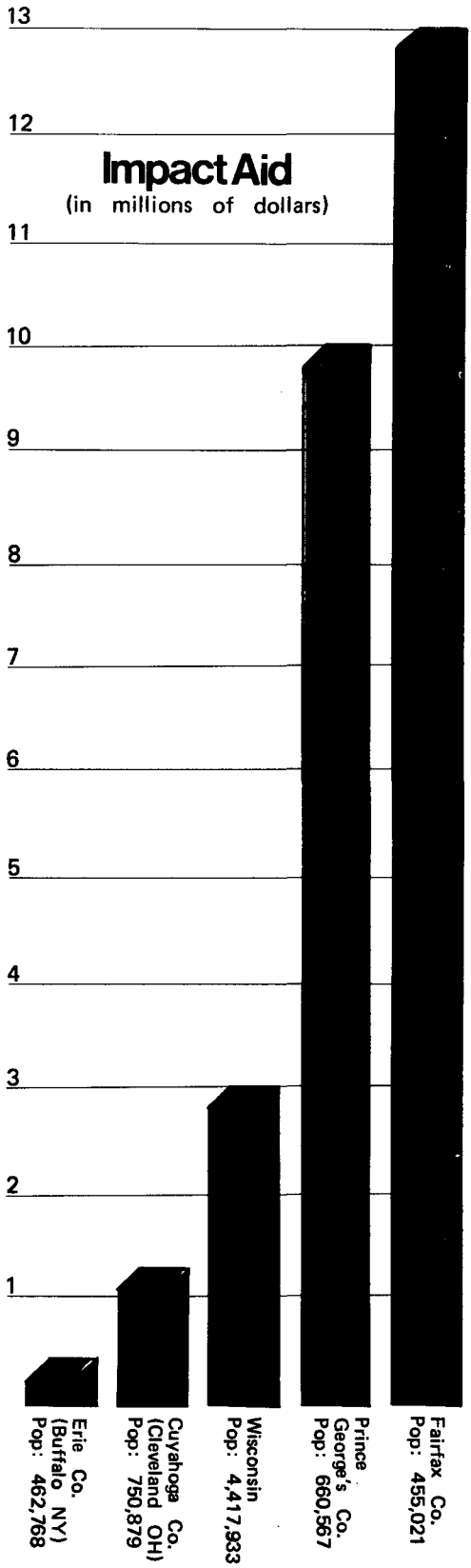
full of federal employees who own homes and pay property taxes still gets impact aid.

So the school districts with the most federal employees get the most impact aid, even though these districts are often among the richest in the country already. Fairfax County, Virginia, a Washington suburb with a median family income of about $28,000, gets more than $13 million a year in impact aid. Prince George's County and Montgomery County, Maryland, both also well-off Washington suburbs, get $10 million and $6 million respectively.

On the other hand, the entire state of Wisconsin, with a median income of about $10,000, gets only $3 million a year. Cleveland collects just $828,000; Milwaukee, $398,000; Buffalo, $350,000; and Jersey City, $263,000.

Every President since Harry Truman has tried to scrap the program, and every year Congress has dug in its heels and refused to go along. This is because impact aid's sponsors, in their wisdom, have seen to it that 400 of the 435 congressional districts receive at least some money from the program. Even in areas that are short-changed, any congressman who dares oppose the program is virtually certain to hear from angry school officials who are counting on their share of the federal money.

The latest effort to reform impact aid is the brainchild of Health, Education and Welfare Secretary Joseph Califano, who has proposed to stop paying impact money to districts where federal employees live but don't work. His reasoning is that a county like Fairfax has many federal employees living in it, but almost all of them pay property taxes. They are likely to work in the District of Columbia, so there aren't many tax-



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exempt government office buildings in Fairfax either. In short, the number of federal employees living there has no real impact on the local tax money available for Fairfax's public schools, but the schools get a tremendous amount of impact money.

Congress made a half-hearted attempt to deal with this situation in 1974, deciding to phase out aid to the home districts of federal commuters but also to guarantee that each district would receive at least 90 per cent of the money it got the year before. The second provision effectively de-fanged the first. Califano wanted to move much more quickly on taking the commuters out of the program, knocking out a major portion of next year's estimated $823 million in impact aid. With the savings, he said, the government could "meet other educational needs such as those of the handicapped and disadvantaged."

The White House approved Califano's plan, but its opponents were already hard at work trying to kill it. Somebody leaked a copy of the plan to *The Washington Star*, which ran a story that triggered a predictable outcry. Worried school officials started calling their congressmen. Military lobbies like the Retired Officers Association began firing salvos. Within three days, Rep. Herbert Harris, a second-term liberal Democrat from Fairfax County (and, like the other Washington-area congressmen, a skillful saboteur of any bill that might hurt federal employees) got 75 of his colleagues to sign a letter condemning the proposal. The letter warned the administration against "shirking its responsibility for the impact of the federal presence on our local public schools."

As the pressure continued to rise, any congressman who was leaning toward voting with Califano probably decided it was more trouble than it was worth. There is no political benefit in opposing a program that most people have never heard of and much risk of incurring the wrath of its beneficiaries. As Harris says, "the program has a lot of support, because it does reach into so many school districts."

But Califano, who doesn't have to run for reelection this year, didn't buckle under the pressure. He went ahead and proposed a $76 million cut in next year's impact aid by phasing out the money for federal employees who live in one school district but work in another. The Maryland and Virginia suburbs alone would have lost about $5 million next year. Califano did try to soften the blow by promising that every district would get 75 per cent of the aid it received last year, thus delaying the inevitable for a few years.

Califano remains optimistic that he can sell these reforms to a hostile Congress simply because they make sense. "It's perfectly clear that it isn't going to be easy," admits HEW spokeswoman Eileen Shanahan. "But instead of using the meat-ax approach to cutting up the program, we're trying to use a scalpel. We think we can come up with something rational and defensible."

Some congressmen are hard pressed to justify the program now that a Democratic administration is calling it unfair. Under the Republicans, they could argue that they were just trying to save some badly needed aid to education from the conservative budget ax. But now that Califano is calling for those funds to help the disadvantaged, liberals have shed the cloak of principle and are fighting for more bucks for the folks back home.

That's unlikely to help Califano much, though. Unless the White House makes a concerted push to cut back impact aid, which seems unlikely, the program will probably stay intact as a simple giveaway to federal employees.

There are suburban counties like Montgomery and Fairfax surrounding every major city in the country. These suburbs have, for the most part, modern, efficient school systems fi-

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nanced by local property taxes and populated largely by white middle-class students. Many of their parents commute to jobs in large cities that have deteriorating schools where discipline takes precedence over education.

Any policy based on reason would have to recognize that schools in Cleveland and Detroit are in far more desperate shape than those in the suburbs of Washington. Why should a steelworker in Buffalo, for instance, pay part of his hard-earned salary for a federal program that hands out $13 million to Fairfax County, Virginia, but only $350,000 to the decaying schools that his own children attend? As Senator William Proxmire, one of the few politicians who has fought against impact aid in Congress, says, "This simply can't be justified as national policy."

The impact aid system is also unbelievably complex: there are 23 different ways a school district can qualify for various kinds of payments. The computerized printout of how the aid is distributed runs over 300 pages. "It's an incredible morass," says one insider. "It's a ridiculous way to run a program." Perhaps the nicest thing that can be said about impact aid is that it keeps a growing number of bureaucrats off the jobless rolls.

Few would argue that the federal rug should be suddenly pulled out from under school districts that have relied on impact aid for many years. The aid could be phased out over a couple of years while the schools looked for ways to make up the difference. Several studies have shown that most school districts could replace their impact aid with only a slight increase in property taxes; Fairfax County's $13-million grant, for instance, is only five per cent of its total school budget.

The reason Califano and Carter seem unable to get rid of impact aid is, simply, self-interest politics. It's very hard to push anything through Congress that will mean less money for a lot of members' districts—and it's much easier to pass a new program if it offers a little something to a majority of congressmen. A solid bloc of intransigent congressmen can be a bigger obstacle to reform than the most vehement unions and special interest lobbies.

Play to Their Self-Interest

One way around this problem is to play to the congressmen's self-interest. For example, the administration has been working for months on an "urban policy" that was intended to revitalize the ailing cities of the Northeast and Midwest, but the President has become convinced that such a plan won't wash, politically, on Capitol Hill. Carter therefore decided to broaden his urban aid formula to include the newer, more affluent cities of the Sunbelt in order to attract enough votes to pass it. This kind of dilution may get bills passed, but it means our new urban policy will be nothing more than just general revenue sharing. Every federal dollar spent on schools or rehabilitation in Phoenix or Dallas for political reasons will mean less money for places like Newark and the South Bronx.

The other way out of the dilemma of self-interest politics is to build enough pressure to overcome it. If the President really pushes a worthy cause like abolishing impact aid, if politicians who remain intransigent are made to look simply greedy, if the press, and in turn the public, overcomes its indifference and becomes aroused, then it's possible to achieve change undiluted by political buy-offs. The survival of a program like impact aid is a testament to congressmen's inclination to vote only in the narrow self-interest of their districts, but with more effort they might be persuaded to do otherwise this time. If Jimmy Carter doesn't make an issue out of impact aid, however, the congressmen will go about their business as usual, the program will survive, and nobody outside of the Washington area will know the difference. ■

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Tidbits and Outrages

. . . And Then Let Him Tuck You In

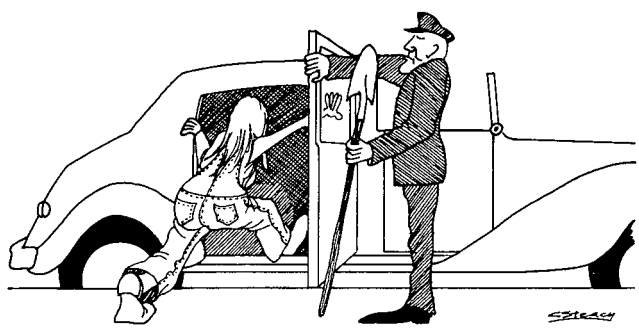
There's a new book coming out about incest. It's called *Kiss Daddy Goodnight.*

Consent and Consent

A Senate staff member recently gave Susanna McBee of *The Washington Post* this appraisal of how presidential nominees are scrutinized and evaluated by the Senate during the confirmation process: "They can be crummy, mediocre, not qualified, even in industry's pocket, and if they haven't done anything criminal, they're approved. You almost have to be found with one finger in the cookie jar to get rejected." The last time a Cabinet nominee was voted down by the Senate was in 1959.

The Case for Taboos

Further notes on the Beautiful People: Abby Rockefeller has written the introduction to a new book called *End Product: The Last Taboo*, of which she says, "It is a valuable catalog of the subject documenting the problems of our relations and attitudes to excrement."



Merit Widespread In Civil Service

The merit pay increase, as its name implies, is supposed to be awarded to federal employees in recognition of merit. In fact, during a recent 12-month period, 1,030,000 federal workers received within-grade pay raises for merit. Only 819 employees were denied them.

Nobody's Prefect

The New Republic has an advertisement that says "Get the Nations's most predictably intelligent magazine." That's all right, *New Republic*, we have an ad this month in which the main subject of *The Washington Monthly* is spelled "governemnt."

The Left Hand and the Right Hand

You may recall that last month we pointed out in this space that *The Washington Post* has published as front-page news an article about 800 dismissals at the CIA without giving credit to the *Detroit News*, which had run it two weeks earlier and from which the *Post* had procured a clip of the story. It now turns out that the *Post* itself had the story six weeks before the *News*. It was in Mike Causey's civil service column, which is buried every day deep within the *Post*'s local news section and is apparently not read by the paper's national editors.

Now Joe, About That Raise

A federal employee named Thomas Johns is getting $78,225 a year, or $12,000 more than his boss at Health, Education, and Welfare, Joseph Califano. Johns has a salary of $47,025 in his grade 15 position at HEW and gets a pension of $31,200 for previous employment in the Secret Service. Johns is not alone. According to Mike Causey of *The Washington Post*, "Congressional sources estimate that there are more than 40 retired generals and admirals—earning as much as $77,200—now in high government civilian jobs."

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CHINESE SHADOWS

Annual Political Book Award

CONGRESS — Keystone of the Washington Establishment

The award for 1977 goes to
Chinese Shadows
by Simon Leys

and

Congress: Keystone of the Washington Establishemnt
by Morris P. Fiorina

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Nominations Submitted by Readers, Editors and Publishers for The Annual Political Book Award

The Abuse of Power: The Permanent Government and the Fall of New York. Jack Newfield. Viking.

Agency of Fear: Opiates and Political Power in America. Edward J. Epstein. Putnam's.

Affairs of State: Public Life in Late Nineteenth Century America. Morton Keller. Harvard.

Alexander Bryan Johnson: Philosophical Banker. Charles L. Todd, Robert Sonkin. Syracuse Univ.

The Alias Program. Fred Graham. Little, Brown.

America's Moment: 1918. Arthur Walworth. Norton.

American Journal: The Events of 1976. Elizabeth Drew. Random House.

The American Police State: The Government Against the People. David Wise. Random House.

The American Touch in Micronesia. David Nevin. Norton.

The Autobiography of an American Communist: A Personal View of Political Life, 1925-1975. Peggy Dennis. Lawrence Hill.

Bail Reform in America. Wayne H. Thomas. Univ. of California.

Black Workers in White Unions: Job Discrimination in the United States. William B. Gould. Cornell Univ.

Blue Collar: An Internal Examination of the Workplace. Charles Spencer. Lakeside-Charter.

Bribery and Extortion in World Business. Neil H. Jacoby, Peter Nehemkis, Richard Eells. Macmillan.

The Brotherhood of Oil: Energy Policy and the Public Interest. Robert Engler. Univ. of Chicago.

Cancer Crusade: The Story of the National Cancer Act of 1971. Richard A. Rettig. Princeton.

The Changing Mood in America: Eroding Commitment. Dr. Faustine Jones. Howard Univ.

The Collapse of Liberal Empire: Science and Revolution in the Twentieth Century. Paul N. Goldstene. Yale.

Conflict and Crisis: The Presidency of Harry S. Truman, 1945-1948. Robert J. Donovan. Norton.

Congress Against Itself. Roger H. Davidson, Walter J. Oleszek. Indiana Univ.

Congress and the Nation, 1973-1976: A Review of Government and Politics. Congressional Quarterly.

Congressional Ethics. Congressional Quarterly.

The Control of Oil. John M. Blair. Pantheon.

Congressional Staffs: The Invisible Force in American Lawmaking. Harrison W. Fox, Jr., Susan Webb Hammond. Free Press.

The Constitution and the Common Law. Randall Bridwell, Ralph V. Whitten. Lexington.

Convention. Richard Reeves. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

The Counter-Insurgency Era: U.S. Doctrine and Performance, 1950 to the Present. Douglas S. Blaufarb. Free Press.

The Courts and Social Policy. Donald L. Horowitz. Brookings.

Day by Day: The Forties. Thomas M. Leonard, ed. Facts on File.

Decade of Decisions: American Policy Toward the Arab-Israeli Conflict, 1967-1976. William B. Quandt. Univ. of California.

Decision to Prosecute: Organization and Public Policy in the Anti-Trust Division. Suzanne Weaver. MIT.

Desegregation from Brown to Alexander: An Exploration of Supreme Court Strategies. Stephen L. Wasby, Anthony D'Amato, Rosemary Metrailer. Southern Illinois Univ.

Doing Better and Feeling Worse: Health in the United States. John H. Knowles, M.D., ed. Norton.

Economic Regulation and the Public Interest: The Federal Trade Commission in Theory and Practice. Alan Stone. Cornell Univ.

The Fall of Public Man: The Social Psychology of Capitalism. Richard Sennett. Vintage.

Fiscal Management and Planning in Local Government. James C. Snyder. Lexington.

Food Policy: The Responsibility of the United States in the Life and Death Crisis. Peter G. Brown, Henry Shue, eds. Free Press.

For the Common Defense. Andrew J. Goodpaster. Lexington.

The Future of Social Security. Alice H. Munnell. Brookings.

The Game of Disarmament: How the United States and Russia Run the Arms Race. Alva Myrdal. Pantheon.

The Giants: Russia and America. Richard J. Barnet. Simon and Schuster.

Governance of Federal Regulatory Agencies. David M. Welborn. Univ. of Tennessee.

Government and the Mind. Joseph Tussman. Oxford.

A Government As Good As Its People. Jimmy Carter. Simon and Schuster.

Government by Judiciary: The Transformation of the Fourteenth Amendment. Raoul Berger. Harvard.

A Government of Strangers: Executive Politics in Washington. Hugh Heclo. Brookings.

The Governmental Habit: Economic Controls from Colonial Times to the Present. Jonathan R.T. Hughes. Basic.

The Gray Lobby. Henry J. Pratt. Univ. of Chicago.

Haven in a Heartless World: The Family Besieged. Christopher Lasch. Basic.

A Healthy State: An International Perspective on the Crisis in United States Medical Care. Victor W. Sidel, Ruth Sidel. Pantheon.

Hoover, Roosevelt and the Brains Trust. Elliot A. Rosen. Columbia Univ. Press.

How Jimmy Won: The Victory Campaign from Plains to the White House. Kandy Stroud. Morrow.

Hugo Black and the Judicial Revolution. Gerald T. Dunne. Simon and Schuster.

Illusions of Choice: The F-111 and the Problem of Weapon Acquisition Reform.

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Robert F. Coulam. Princeton.

The Implementation Game: What Happens after a Bill Becomes Law. Eugene Bardach. MIT Press.

In Search of the Silent South. Morton Sosna. Columbia Univ. Press.

Innovation and Implementation in Public Organizations. Richard R. Nelson. Douglas Yates. Lexington.

The Japanese. Edwin O. Reischauer. Harvard.

John F. Kennedy and the Second Reconstruction. Carl M. Brauer. Columbia Univ. Press.

Justice Crucified: The Story of Sacco and Vanzetti. Roberta Strauss Feuerlicht. McGraw-Hill.

Just and Unjust Wars: A Moral Argument with Historical Illustrations. Michael Walzer. Basic.

The Latin Americans: Their Love-Hate Relationship with The United States. Carlos Rangel. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich.

Letters on Literature and Politics, 1912-1972. Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Giroux.

The Limits of Altruism: An Ecologist's View of Survival. Garrett Hardin. Indiana Univ.

The Limits of Legitimacy: Political Contradictions of Contemporary Capitalism. Alan Wolfe. Free Press.

Lobbying for the People: The Political Behavior of Public Interest Groups. Jeffrey M. Berry. Princeton.

The Luciano Project: The Secret Wartime Collaboration of the Mafia and the U.S. Navy. Rodney Campbell. McGraw-Hill.

Managing the State. Martha Wagner Weinberg. MIT.

Marathon: The Pursuit of the Presidency, 1972-1976. Jules Witcover. Viking.

The Menace of Atomic Energy. Ralph Nader, John Abbotts. Norton.

The Mid-Atlantic States of America: People, Politics and Power in the Five Mid-Atlantic States and the Nation's Capital. Neal R. Peirce, Michael Barone. Norton.

The Military and Politics in Modern Times: On Professionals, Praetorians and Revolutionary Soldiers. Amos Perlmutter. Yale.

The Moon and the Ghetto: An Essay on Public Policy Analysis. Richard R. Nelson. Norton.

Myth, Oil, and Politics: Introduction to the Political Economy of Petroleum. Charles F. Doran. Free Press.

Not Above the Law: Battles of the Watergate Special Prosecutors Cox and Jaworski. James Doyle. Morrow.

A Passion for Equality: George Wiley and the Movement. Nick Kotz, Mary Lynn Kotz. Norton.

The Plug-In Drug. Marie Winn. Viking.

Police: Streetcorner Politicians. William Ker Muir, Jr. Univ. of Chicago.

Political Generations and Political Development. Richard J. Samuels. Lexington.

Politics and Markets: The World's Political-Economic System. Charles E. Lindblom. Basic.

The Politics of Defeat: America's Decline in the Middle East. Joseph Churba. Bobbs-Merrill.

The Politics of Neglect: Urban Aid from Model Cities to Revenue Sharing. Bernard J. Friedan, Marshall Kaplan. MIT.

Potomac Fever. Fred R. Harris. Norton.

Presidential Politics: Patterns and Prospects. William W. Lammers. Harper & Row.

The Public Use of Private Interest. Charles L. Schultze. Brookings.

Rays of Hope: The Transition to a Post-Petroleum World. Denis Hayes. Norton.

The Reconstruction of the Republic. Harold O.J. Brown. Arlington House.

Red Tape: Its Origins, Uses and Abuses. Herbert Kaufman. Brookings.

A Rumor of War. Philip Caputo. Holy, Rinehart & Winston.

Scarcity, Energy and Economic Progress. Ferdinand E. Banks. Lexington.

Sex Roles in the State House. Irene Diamond. Yale.

Shattered Peace: The Origins of the Cold War and the National Security State. Daniel Yergin. Houghton Mifflin.

Soldiers, Statesmen, and Cold War Crises. Richard K. Betts. Harvard.

Stonewall: The Real Story of the Watergate Prosecution. Richard Ben-Veniste, George Frampton, Jr. Simon and Schuster.

A Term to Remember. Edward Mezvinsky, with Kevin McCormally, John Greenya. Coward, McCann, & Geoghehan.

Tinkering with the System. Robert K. Yin, Karen A. Heald, Mary E. Vogel. Lexington.

To Be A Politician. Stimson Bullitt. Yale.

Traditions of American Education. Lawrence A. Cremin. Basic.

Truman and the Steel Seizure Case. Maeva Marcus. Columbia Univ. Press.

The Ungovernable City: The Politics of Urban Problems and Policy Making. Douglas Yates. MIT.

Union Dues. John Sayles. Atlantic Monthly Press.

The Unmaking of a President: Lyndon Johnson and Vietnam. Herbert Y. Schandler. Princeton.

The Unsettling of America: Culture and Agriculture. Wendell Berry. Sierra Club.

Urban Politics and the Criminal Court. Martin A. Levin. Univ. of Chicago.

Without Fear or Favor. Leroy F. Harlow. Brigham Young Univ.

Women and the Military. Martin Binkin, Shirley Bach. Brookings.

The Wrong Horse: The Politics of Intervention and the Failure of U.S. Diplomacy. Laurence Stern. Times.

The Zapping of America: Microwaves, Their Deadly Risk, and the Cover-Up. Paul Brodeur. Norton.

Zoning and Property Rights: An Analysis of the American System of Land Use Regulation. Robert H. Nelson. MIT.

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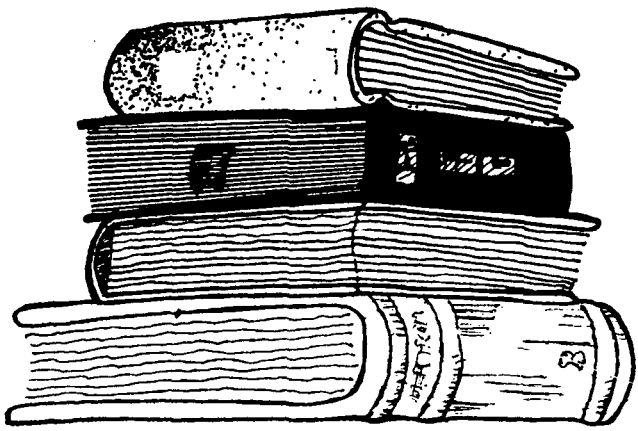
China and India and Me



by Thomas Massey

For most of its history, this nation has had a clear idea of what news from foreign countries should and should not do. When we take the trouble to learn of developments in Country X or Y, it is less because we care about those countries than because we hope to catch an oblique reading of our own state of health. If we are reminded from time to time that the Roman Empire came crashing down, it is not because we need that information, but to warn us of the consequences of our own dissolute ways. If we heard, during the dark days of the 1960s, about the glories of nearly every civilization but our own, that was less to demonstrate their virtues than to denounce our failures. And if we are now seeing, with greater and greater frequency, reports of chaos in Italy, coronations in Africa, and beheadings among the princes of Araby, it is because, under the Return to Normalcy policy of our government, we are ready to be reassured about the basic soundness of all things American.

During the stage of foreign reportage that is now drawing to a close—the one in which we praised other nations in order to demonstrate, as Susan Sontag put it in a particularly fevered moment, that "the white race is the cancer of human history"—no country had a more successful propaganda run than the China of Chairman Mao. When Richard Nixon opened the door to respectability in 1972, the TV crews that accompanied him sent back pictures of what was soon to become the conventional view of China. It was a neat China, where smiling hordes appeared as if by magic to efface all traces of either garbage or snow. A disciplined and inventive China, where other smiling hordes made steel in backyard smelters and raised champion hogs. An energy-efficient and non-polluting China, with bicycles instead of Plymouths and nightsoil instead of chemicals to enrich the earth. A frugal, honest, and unified nation, with its ever-smiling face set to the future and its sense of common purpose firm. A nation, in short, that was everything we thought pioneer America had been.

Like any exaggeration, this one had its measure of truth, especially in

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the economic improvements Mao had brought to a land where millions used to starve. But to say that there was another side to the story is to put things as gently as possible; the value of Simon Leys' book, *Chinese Shadows* (Viking), is that it says what needed to be said about that other side.

Leys is the pseudonym of Pierre Ryckmans, a Belgian art historian who specializes in the works of ancient China. He had been in and out of China during much of Mao's reign, and he grew increasingly unhappy with what he saw. Unhappy enough, by the end of 1974, to write what he admits is a pamphleteering broadside against the regime and its excesses.

Like most broadsides, *Chinese Shadows* has excesses of its own, which are not improved by what comes across in translation as a curiously pugnacious style. The book is marked, too, by an arch and snobbish tone, arising partly from Leys' cultural ostentation ("Chinese traditional opera has been totally eliminated; one must perhaps know its once-central place in Chinese life to appreciate the void created by its disappearance") and partly from his pose as a man who loves Mother China but feels contempt for those who now happen to tenant her soil. This one sentence, from the end of the book, illustrates both the put-down tone and the strangely zippy style: "The totalitarian cancer, the organized cretinization, the dictatorship of illiterates, the crass ignorance of the external world together with a pathetic inferiority complex toward it—those traits are not the natural features of the most civilized people on earth."

On the basis of this evidence, I'm in no hurry to meet Simon Leys—but I am glad to know what he has told us about China, and about the way herd journalism presented a false China to us.

Herd journalism really was the problem; for unlike many writers from Italy and France, whose Maoist enthusiasm made them willingly blind to the darker side of the regime, the TV men and writers who told us about the glories of China did so in the name of "objective" news. If they were blinded, as Leys demonstrates they were, it was partly by the wiles of the Chinese authorities, and partly by their own willingness to be satisfied with what was put before them.

The result, Leys says, was a "strange *tour de force*." The Chinese authorities "managed to limit China—that immense and varied universe . . . to a narrow, incredibly constricted area." Foreigners troop through the same dozen cities—the only ones in which their presence is allowed. They stay at the same ghetto-like hotels, meet the same set of experts, and end up trampling over each other's spoor. Leys tells about the American reporter who wrote a moving account of his visit to China, illustrated with all the standard scenes and documented by the standard sources—although he had never gone to the country at all. "What is remarkable about this story," Leys says, "is that the hoax was found out."

The China they did not see, at least as this book portrays it, is a totalitarian regime. In his illustrations of individualism suppressed, thought controlled, diversity rooted out, Leys continually quotes George Orwell—and with good reason, for he is really rewriting *1984*. "Rereading that book," he says in a footnote, "written before the People's Republic was founded, one is aghast at its uncanny prophetic quality. Without ever dreaming of Mao's China, Orwell succeeded in describing it, *down to concrete details of daily life.*"

The horrors of a totalitarian state are many, and pointing them out may not seem like much of an insight (except, in France, where perception of this sort wins you recognition as a *nouveau philosophe*). But Leys did it first, and in doing so, his book helps focus on the real problem, which is not the *economic* organization of Chinese society, or that of any other "socialist" state, but the rampant spread of the bureaucratic way of life.

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It is no coincidence, of course, that when economic theory dictates that everybody should work for the state, bureaucracy will reach its fullest flower. But in China under Mao or China under the Mandarins, in Russia or America, in private enterprise or in any government, it is a question of more or less of the same evil, which is the caution, the deception, the waste of organizational life.

"In old China, the mandarins were called, in a very telling phrase, 'Those-who-eat-meat,'" Leys says. "But if a new phrase must be found to qualify modern mandarins, 'Those-who-ride-in-cars' would probably be the most appropriate." Much of his book, but especially the chapter on "Bureaucrats," is a textbook on the privileges, the isolation, the means of getting ahead in any bureaucracy. Its most poignant moment, for those who believe that bureaucracy will thwart all attempts to curb it, comes when Leys visits one of the "May 7th" schools, the rural outposts Mao established to get China's bureaucrats out of the office and into a brief, enforced contact with real life. They were established more than ten years ago, in the days of the Red Guards; but since then, Leys says, "the May 7th schools have become institutionalized, they have become bureaucratic islands in the rural environments. Their inmates plant cabbages and feed pigs, but they do it *with other bureaucrats,* on the school grounds."

This is the part of Leys' book that most nearly approaches the universal, for his description of China's officeholders is painfully similar to a profile of the U.S. Department of Agriculture—or, of course, General Foods. But it is also the part in which he misses an important point; for when he regards the May 7th schools as a kind of farce, he misses the insight that led Mao to create them. If Maoist China has created the most ponderous bureaucracy this side of the Kremlin, at least Mao recognized, as his counterparts in the Kremlin have not, that he had something of a monster on his hands. In sending the bureaucrats to the field, in overhauling the universities, in loosing the furies of Cultural Revolution, his prescriptions may have been imprecise, but his diagnosis was perfect. He saw, as we should, that to free his nation meant fighting not only ignorance, hunger, and the revisionist devils of Russia, but also the organizations that choked his people instead of leading them. That is the page from his little red book that deserves to be saved.

In its more modest way, India has also served as a looking glass for the United States—not for the organization of its society, like China, but for the transcendence of its spirit. Whenever the acquisitive nature of the American ethic seems too gross, there is always the placid contemplation of Eastern religion to inspire us by its example.

V.S. Naipaul's book *India: A Wounded Civilization* (Alfred A. Knopf) shares with *Chinese Shadows* a snobbish tone, but also an instinct for the home truth. Naipaul is a novelist from Trinidad, raised as a Hindu and descended from Indians who left the homeland a hundred years ago. This claim to Indian roots, tenuous as it may be, gives him the freedom to criticize Indian culture and Hindu values in a way that would earn other writers the label "racist." Naipaul uses this freedom well; he looks at the poverty of the cities, the excrement on the sidewalks, the Untouchables dwarfed and twisted by generations of suffering, and he says that it is a disgrace. Not a disgrace to be blamed on Western rapacity or on the evils of the Raj, but on a wrong, immoral, wounded view of life.

Specifically, he blames it on the Hindu sense of self, which, folding all attention in upon the Me, leaves the nation without a sense of political life. There is "politics" in India, in the latest adventures of Indira and Desai; but there is no politics in the noblest, most important sense, of widespread involvement in the affairs of a community of men. "In the high Hindu

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ideal of self-realization," Naipaul says, "there was no idea of a contract between man and man." Later: "True freedom and true piety are still seen to lie in withdrawal from the difficult world." Hindu self-absorption differs from its American analogue in its indifference to material goods, but in focusing on the Me and disregarding the You and They, both spirits are the same.

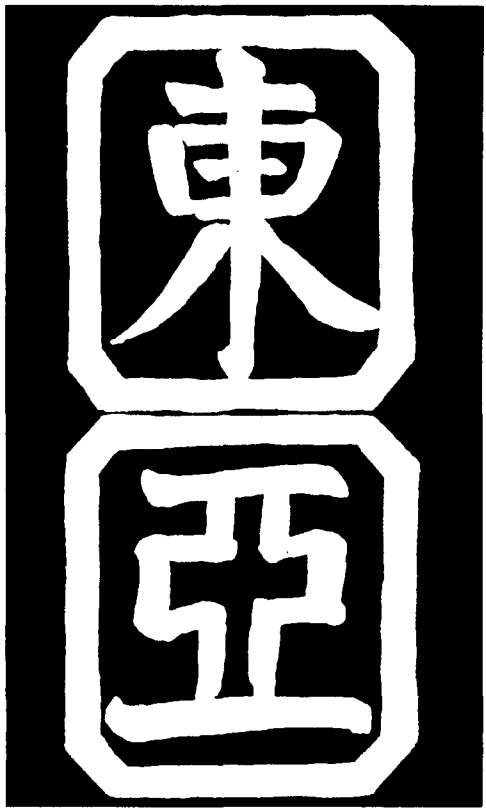
In the Hindu tradition, Naipaul says, Gandhi was certainly an eccentric; but at times of crisis he "says to himself again and again, *'Kya karun? Kya karun?'* What shall I do?" His followers have remembered only the eccentricity and the self-absorption; their question is, "What shall I *be*?"

The pitfalls of Hindu values may not be as universal a problem as the bureaucratic pitfalls Simon Leys illustrates in China; but in the United States of 1978 they could not be more directly to the point.

Indeed, there is a connection between the disease that, according to Naipaul, has wounded timeless India and the one that, according to Leys, afflicts China after Mao; for each of them, self-absorption in the one case and bureaucratic excess in the other, reflects a world in which each individual's boundary of concern extends no farther than his own welfare.

This is more naked in India, of course, for that culture has no official dogma of the importance of the common good to offset the narcissistic fascination of the Hindu faith. But Leys shows in China, as Orwell showed about the Animal Farm, that even the most pious official pronouncements about the importance of communal welfare will be derailed by a bureaucracy whose motto is "I'm all right, Jack."

The glory of the United States has always been that, while proclaiming its political ethic of individual liberty, it has suggested a balancing moral pressure to be our brothers' keepers. Unlike India's, our religions required involvement with others, rather than separation; unlike China's, our pres-



sure to care for our brethren came not from the state but from the spirit. This balance has led to a sense of politics that, in its best moments, means that everyone bears a responsibility to participate—voluntarily—in determining the fate of the community.

If that sense is being eroded, these books suggest that the cause is two versions of the same attitude. One is the narcissism of Assertiveness Training, singles bars, withdrawal from the troubled polity to the serene purity of Big Sur. The other, as in China, is the replacement of politics by bureaucracy, in which the survival of one's own post takes precedence over all other claims. No elected official can long afford to snub his constituents, for he depends on them for his very life. A civil servant can, because he depends on the public for nothing.

These are the spirits that have made China and India what they are today, and can do the same for us. ■

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The Burning of the Reading Public

by Arthur Levine

Last year Robert Coover followed in the distinguished footsteps of E. L. Doctrow by writing a novel, The Public Burning, *that was about real historical people and events, mixed with made-up people and events, mixed with made-up events happening to real people, in such a way that it was impossible to tell what was fact and what was fiction.* The Public Burning *was full of sexual innuendo and left-wing conspiratorial thinking, all told in a breathless tone--Richard Nixon's romance with Uncle Sam, the Rosenberg case, and other important events from our recent past. It raised Coover from obscurity to fame. The critics loved it. The public bought it.*

Seeing this, we thought, if Coover can do it, why can't we? He's not the only guy who can produce tasteless, fictionalized, debunking versions of American history, we thought. So we decided to try it ourselves, by revealing the real *story of the presidency of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.*

Va-va-va-voom! The Honorable Governor of New York, the Democratic Nominee for President, the Paralyzed Patrician from Hyde Park, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, is more than ready for his afternoon tumble with his wife's social secretary, the very luscious Miss Lucy Mercer. And no wonder! Here on this sweltering July day in 1932, stuck in a dreary governor's mansion in Albany, with the country teetering on the brink of revolution—threatened by Commies, Jews, Negroes, perverts, hobos, eggheads, agitators, dope fiends—well, who wouldn't want a respite from all that? And with a prig like Eleanor for a wife—whose Russky leanings he secretly despises—who could blame a red-blooded American like FDR for taking advantage of a secretary or two? "That's what they're there for," the irrepressible Prexy-to-be quips to friends, his blue eyes twinkling. "But," they ask themselves, as do millions of other curious Americans, "how"—their faces turn red, they start to stammer—"does he"—this is just an awful thing to ask—"do IT???"

The question also intrigues reporters who note his aristocratic good looks, wide teeth, high forehead, jaunty cigarette holder, flowing black navy cape, broad shoulders, height (six feet two inches), bulk (190 pounds), huge freckled hands, and the aforementioned twinkling blue eyes set close together over dark shadows. So, naturally, the question resounds from one end of the continent to another, from families huddled near the radio to flinty barons of Wall Street, from the poorest sharecropper to the wealthiest magnate, "HOW DOES HE DO IT?"

"*Very* carefully!" comes the answer from Mae West, one of his many paramours. (When the busty starlet first meets FDR at a Hollywood party, she rolls her eyes and says, "Is that a pistol in your pocket, Governor, or are you just glad to see me?" FDR responds with a booming laugh. Later, after they become casual lovers, he tells her, "Mae, baby, the people of this country need more movie stars like you to keep their minds off of the Depression. Otherwise, they'll be fodder for the Communist cause." "And how!" answers Miss West.)

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But on this summer afternoon, July 29, 1932, the Guv is waiting for Lucy. He's impatient; his cigarette holder bounces up and down between his teeth. She's supposed to return from dropping Eleanor off at a local orphanage, one of the many institutions of suffering that his wife visits. Slums, sweatshops, leper colonies—his homely wife loves to wallow in other people's misery, outlet perhaps for the years without sex (16, to be exact), comfort for the chill between them. Later, of course, she will take up with Paul Robeson as outsiders puzzle over her vehement devotion to the Negro cause. But their affair will be very secret, and FDR will never suspect a thing.

Now, as he waits for Lucy, he scans the day's papers, and he's starting to get ANGRY. Goddamn! The day before, the police and U.S. Army have attacked thousands of starving veterans camped in Washington, who've merely been begging for a "bonus" for their military service. Two members of the rag-tag Bonus Army were killed, and the rest were driven from the city.

FDR is outraged. "These bums are ruining our country," he mutters to himself, hurling a bundle of newspapers (the *Times*, the *Tribune*, the *Post*, the *Item*, the *Sentinel*, the *Eagle*) straight across the room. As a member of the upper class, he's naturally repelled by these unshaven drifters, what with their whining and bad table manners. But what really angers him is the clumsy response of Hoover to their protests. For God's sake, is this any way to handle a revolution? No, no, a thousand times no. A few more PR fiascos like this one, he knows, and it'll be Guillotine City for FDR and his fellow aristocrats.

Hoover is just a plain fool, FDR thinks, and his ham-handed brutalities only make things worse. To Frank, as he calls himself, the marchers should have been given donuts, coffee, and promises of government action—and *then* sent on their way. When *he's* President, by God, the mobs will be kept off the streets with meaningless make-work jobs and the promise of social security benefits. Best of all, his upper-class world will be preserved: all the parties, private schools, elite universities, fancy estates, hunting trips, pliant secretaries, European summers, yachts, furs, motor cars, jewels gold moolah Old Boy Network. . . every last delicious ounce of it, all his! FDR is sweating with anticipation as he thinks of it, his face beaming with pleasure.

He nearly jumps out of his seat when Lucy Mercer walks in. He's still breathing hard. "Boy, am I glad to see you" he says. Here she is, ample proof of the benefits of the American Way of Life.

"At your service, Mr. Roosevelt," Lucy whispers demurely, her head cast downwards. "Shall I prepare the bed?" He does an Evel Knievel-style "wheelie" in his wheelchair to show his approval. She rolls him slowly towards the bedroom and opens up the door.

* * *

By the time FDR is elected, the country is going down the tubes. Big business is on the ropes. Seventeen million men are out of work—most of them with families—and that's in a country with only 123 million people anyway. Talk about poverty! Nearly 30 per cent of the population doesn't have *any* income whatsoever. Zilch! People are going crazy with hunger, eating shrubs off the ground, fighting with dogs for scraps of meat, breaking into grocery stores. Millions wander around aimlessly looking for work, and teenage girls riding the rails sell themselves for a dime.

But FDR has other things on his mind as he zips around the country in private rail cars and trimotor airplanes. His mission: saving corporate America. The signs are bad. Stocks on the Big Board are down to eleven per cent of their 1929 value. The Gross National Product is worth little more

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than the value of a medium-size steak. Five thousand banks have failed, and General Motors, for example, has only 14 part-time employees on its payroll.

Worse yet is the threat of revolution. Flag-waving workers battle with mounted policemen while singing "L'Internationale." In Chicago, penniless teachers storm the city's banks; in Lincoln, Nebraska, 4,000 people take over the statehouse. And in one notorious incident in Kincaid, Illinois, hired thugs gun down handicapped youngsters protesting 18-hour workdays; three girls are shot in the back, all of them under ten years of age. The country is in an uproar.

As one popular song puts it:

You better start swimming
or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

FDR is more than match for any challenge. On the day after his election, his campaign manager, Jim Farley, calls a secret meeting to map his bold economic strategy. Farley is a tall, amiable Long Island politician with an uncanny ability to remember first names. No matter how unimportant the person, he always remembers his name: George, David, Melvin, Jane, Fred, and countless others. The names he remembers for this meeting are industrialist Andrew Mellon, a former treasury secretary, advisor Harold Ickes, and John Maynard Keynes, the British economist. Mellon had been allied with Hoover, but now he's going with the winner.

FDR sets the tone. "Gentlemen," he says, "our world is threatened by insurrection. We might never again"—his voice chokes with emotion—"be able to enjoy the sanctuary of exclusive private clubs like this." What to do? They start in with some brainstorming, each idea another plank in the Great Barricade they're constructing against the rising tide of unwashed masses. For Keynes, this is the big chance he's been waiting for. "Prime the pump," he says. "Prime the pump." No more blackboards and dusty archives for him, no sir! He's in the action now. Back at the London School of Economics, they'll finally stop laughing at him—the funny walk, the monocle, the awkward manners. After all, to the *President of the United States* (!), he's more than some absent-minded professor.

He's been arguing for deficit spending for years, but now he's got the rare opportunity to put his schemes into practice. Think of it! An entire nation converted into his own personal economic laboratory. He's as happy as Dr. Frankenstein with a new patient. A Fantasy: It's almost like Uncle Sam's there with a shaved skull, strapped down to a table, and all these electrodes and tubes are pumping optimism into the brain and green cash into the blood stream. Subsidize everything! Let a thousand agencies bloom. "Nurse, give this man an injection of welfare," the Doctor screams. When the monster awakes, his rebel spirit will have been killed, drained, lobotomized. He is the creation of the New Deal. His mechanical voice sings: "Happy Days are here again!" The Doctor is pleased with his handiwork.

* * *

But even after FDR's inaugurated, the damnable ole Depression just won't quit. It seems like every day in Washington some new alphabet-soup agency is set up to solve yet another arcane problem, but it doesn't seem to have much impact on the lives of the struggling, surging, heaving masses (quite a sick and exhausted bunch they are, too).

Take the Drought, whipping through the Great Plains in the mid-1930s, turning the whole place into one big overheated sandbox with enough sandstorms to make Lawrence of Arabia blanch. America's common folk have no choice but to head West in their jalopies, piled high with guitars, scantily-clad teenage daughters, old tires, and rusty auto parts. "Federal relief funds?" they ask with slack-jawed wonder as they rattle down that old lonesome highway. "What's that, Mister?" And at one deserted gas

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station, outside of California, three exhausted hobos share a bottle of whiskey as they wait for the cool darkness to come. Woody Guthrie, Henry Fonda, and John Steinbeck are all escaping their wretched pasts in Oklahoma to seek a better life in California–if they can sneak past the border guards.

"Hot enough for you?" Fonda asks Guthrie, who is composing a song on his guitar.

"Yeah, Hank. How's this sound, folks?" Guthrie asks his companions. He sings in a reedy twang: "This land is your land/this land is his land/from San Diego/to Yosemite National Park /this land was made for all Americans." He looks up hopefully.

"I don't know, Woody," Steinbeck says, "it needs some work. The melody's not bad, but the words aren't so hot." Guthrie looks dejected.

"Speaking of heat," Fonda says, "you could fry an egg on this pavement."

"Well, it's not the heat, it's the humidity," Guthrie adds.

"It must be 103 degrees in the shade," Steinbeck points out.

As the sun sinks over the horizon, the three vagabonds prepare for the evening. They break into a rest room and wash up. Then they make a dinner of cube steak and beans. They sing around the fire and cook marshmallows. Then they take out their sleeping bags and go to sleep. Fonda sleeps on his back, Guthrie on his stomach, and Steinbeck on his side, his legs curled up. Before leaving the next morning, they each brush their teeth, shave, go to the bathroom and tie their shoelaces.

For people like these, their final hopes are extinguished, snuffed out like some last flickering flame–POOF!–when the Kingfish, populist Huey Long of Louisiana, gets pumped with lead inside the Baton Rouge statehouse. What a mess! Federal agents are soon on the scene, and a plausible cover story is concocted: a lone assassin, Dr. Carl Weiss, did the dastardly deed. A few fringe critics try to point out some continuing mysteries: What about that strange black man, "Raul," who traveled around the state buying guns? What about those U.S. tax refund checks (total: $325.89) cashed by Dr. Weiss in May 1935? Well, those kooks can holler all they want, because the FBI says there's no conspiracy, and that's *final*.

Besides, the Depression gives everybody more than enough to worry about.

* * *

If it weren't for the glittering parties that FDR attends every night, his mood near the end of the decade would be a lot worse. At the parties, FDR gets a chance to unwind. What fun! Typically, a visiting celeb, like Jack Benny or Clark Gable (no stud in real life, incidentally), is the guest of honor at the swank estate of a Washington socialite. For a few hurly-burly hours, there's music and booze and laughs and maybe a few extra babes for the Prez himself. Otherwise, he may take along his personal secretary, Missy LeHand. "Her specialty," he jokes, "is LeHand job." So who's Depressed? There's stars galore, from show-biz, Lit, politics, and the halls of Ivy, not to mention other spheres of achievement. The only passport you

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need is to be internationally famous and incredibly rich. Otherwise, it's open to anyone.

The glamorous parties are a time for serious talk, too, and it is at one of them that FDR learns of the gravest threat yet to his plans to save the economy. It's like a Joe Louis roundhouse right to FDR's famous jutting jaw. His jaunty smile fades faster than you can say, "multinational corporation."

Here's the scoop: One night over drinks, Elihu Root, a Wall Street lawyer, and the ubiquitous Andy Mellon tell FDR about a dark new menace growing overseas, worse than tariffs, worse than gift taxes, worse even than the diplomats who don't speak English properly. Our overseas investments, he learns, are imperiled by radical changes in the governments of Germany, Italy, and Japan, once the lands, respectively, of happy-go-lucky beer-drinkers, pasta-eaters, and geisha girls.

Now all that's changing under some uppity new leaders, with some wild ideas about national independence. The danger is clear. For our corporations, a cheap labor force is in danger of being capriciously placed "off-limits" because of stubborn national pride. Worse, these countries are the nation's main source of copper, electronics equipment, rice, and beer. And what about *our* pride? Before we know it, we won't even be able to recognize our own companies, with all those funny-looking foreigners sashaying around our executive suites, chomping cigars (swiped from us, no doubt) and barking out orders in strange tongues.

"Frank," Mellon tells the President, "we either take a stand here, or they'll be coming up the shores of San Francisco."

"You're right, boys," FDR answers. " I will not be the first American President to be humiliated by some two-bit foreigners." Later, in consulting with Keynes, FDR also learns that a war would have a wonderfully healthy effect on the economy.

* * *

But FDR's faced with one stubborn problem: The American people don't want war. As one hit song says, "War, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing!" Flying shrapnel, dead boys shipped back in coffins, broken families—they've learned their lesson from World War I, when, it is said, old tycoons sent young men to die for no reason. Polls show support for peace, but FDR, holed up in the White House, labels it "isolationism" (he should talk!). Forty per cent of college students say they won't fight in any war, even if their mothers begged them or their girl-friends teased them or their coaches called them sissies. "One, two, three, four," they chant, "we don't want your silly war!" FDR and his corporate pals say, "What's good for the munitions factories is good for America," but the people turn a deaf ear to his pleas. And when FDR makes one of his few public attacks on Adolf Hitler, Germany's National Socialist leader, he's roundly criticized for it.

And for good reason, say the peaceniks. They ask: what real threat does the German leader pose? Widely known as the George Washington of his country, Hitler has rebuilt German national pride after his country's defeat in World War I. Over the years, the once proud Holy Roman Empire has been carved up by a succession of occupying countries until the German people find themselves reduced to a small morsel of land—while their brethren languish under the heels of neighboring tyrants. These so-called "countries" are little more than puppet states propped up by Western powers seeking to preserve their spheres of influence. Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria—all these client states would fall of their own weight if not for Allied support.

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Other countries struggling for independence, such as Italy and Japan, have the hopes of the world with them as they seek to liberate *their* countrymen, whether it's in nearby Ethiopia or faraway Manchuria. FDR's baffled by the spontaneous national support for the courageous little countries—Italian and Japanese restaurants are flooded with customers, boxes of American candies are sent to Tokyo and Rome, newborn babies are named "Benito."

And in 1938, fueled by centuries of outrages, insults, and cruelties, Hitler's plucky guerillas free Austria and the Sudetenland. Flowers are strewn at their feet and the natives weep openly at the sight of the Nazi good-luck symbol, the swastika. World opinion, as expressed at the Munich summit, applauds. Bravo, Adolf! Encore!

But to FDR, these assertions of national independence—no more dangerous than our own Revolutionary War—are part of some grand *conspiracy* to take over the world. "If we give Hitler Czechoslovakia," he raves to stunned intimates, "then he'll socialize all of Europe. There'll be nothing left!" And his advisors are equally embarrassed by his ignorance of global subtleties. "To me, Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo are all the same. There isn't a dime's worth of difference between them," he announces one day to his cowed aides. By now, most of them are too fearful to explain that his simplistic notions ignore the political and cultural differences between the countries.

But with a small group of trusted advisors, among them Harry Hopkins and Jim Farley, FDR tries desperately to lure the country into war.

He begins a wild series of provocations. He goes on radio imitating Japanese accents and calling Tojo "a very short and ugly person with a real dog for a wife." No response. "Hey, you fat Wop," he shouts at Mussolini on a trans-Atlantic broadcast, "you got spaghetti for brains! Ha! Ha! Ha!" Nothing happens.

In a special nationwide broadcast on the Nazi peril, he says, "Adolf Hitler is nothing but a little faggot! How come he isn't married? If he was a REAL MAN, he'd declare war against us. But he won't, because he's chicken! A little scaredy-cat! Well, Mr. Nazi Big Shot, it's your move. We're ready when you are." The German embassy sends a strong letter of protest, but no further action is taken.

In desperation, he calls in his aides. "What do we do now? It's not our policy to declare war unless attacked."

Then Jim Farley, that savvy pol, realizes that the Japs might be tempted to attack our Pacific Fleet at Pearl Harbor if conditions are right. "If we make it easy for them, I think they'll do it," Farley says.

"By God, there's still a chance, then," FDR exults.

Planning begins at once. Ninety-four ships are steamed into the port in broad daylight. At night, floodlights display the ships in a "Son et Lumiere" spectacle. Blimps float overhead with huge neon arrows blinking on and off. In Tokyo, an American-funded sky-writing plane flies over the beaches with the slogan: COME TO PEARL HARBOR. Then, we begin our nightly broadcasts by a sensuous lady known as Hawaii Rose. "Boys," she whispers to the Japanese, "are you true Samurai? Do you have the courage to fight the United States? Or will you stay on your barren island as your women lose all respect for you?"

Finally, the Japanese can take no more and launch a "surprise attack" on our fleet, while much of the base personnel is on shore leave. FDR gets his wish: the next day Congress declares war on Japan. A few days later, Germany and Italy declare war on the U.S.

"December 7, 1941 is a day that shall live in infamy," FDR tells the American people in his dramatic, stirring voice. The irony of his comments go unnoticed at the time. That's what greatness is all about! ■

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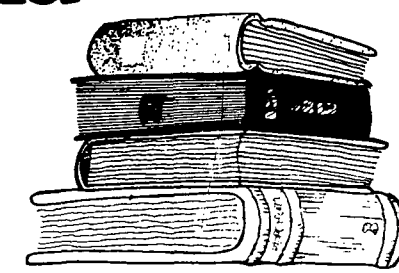
Strangers in a Strange Land



by Michael Herwitz

Nineteen seventy-seven was the first year that Jimmy Carter had a chance to deliver on his pledge to provide a government as good as the American people. A year after Carter's inaugural, one can choose among three explanations for why the government's state of bureaucratic torpor has continued unabated: Carter lied; the task proved far more difficult than he anticipated; or the American people are pretty mediocre.

In a rational universe, 1977 would have produced several important books on how the federal bureaucracy does—or does not—work. Long ago, however, New York publishers adopted a basic credo: except when war, corruption, and global conspiracy theories are involved, writing about government is fundamentally dull. There's a widespread belief that another Kennedy assassination book, no matter how cockeyed its conspiracy theory, will automatically outsell even a brilliantly conceived look at the inner workings of the Department of Housing and Urban Development.

As a result, the few books on bureaucracy that did appear in 1977 were the product either of political scientists writing for academic presses or political scientists writing for the Brookings Institution. Against my better instincts, I examined three of these books. One, *Congress: Keystone of the Washington Establishment*, by Morris P. Fiorina (Yale), turned out to be a highly stimulating little essay. The two Brookings books, *Red Tape* by Herbert Kaufman and *A Government of Strangers*, by Hugh Heclo, make a convincing case against allowing political scientists to write about a topic as important as government.

Heclo's could have been a highly topical book, because it focuses on the relationship between the President's 2,500 political appointees and the over two million career bureaucrats. But Heclo lacks any sense of passion or urgency. It is typical of the Brookings style that Heclo's innocuous conclusions are grouped under the heading, "A Middle Way."

At times Heclo sounds like little more than an academic apologist for the civil service unions. There are incredible sentences like, "What appears to be bureaucratic torpor is in many instances the function of a different, albeit lengthy, time scale within government." Heclo's style of writing is as dry as a bureaucratic memo; he even uses words like "interfacing."

Only in passing does Heclo touch on the real problem facing reformers of the government: that an incumbent President has only a handful of loyal-

Michael Herwitz wrote "Money Doesn't Talk in Washington" in the December issue of The Washington Monthly.

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ists in each Cabinet department. Heclo quotes a top government administrator: "In this agency we have six political slots; if you tripled that you'd still have less than two dozen of your guys in an organization of 62,000, and how long will it take for those 18 to figure out what's going on?"

This is also a standard lament of Carter appointees. Joel Solomon, the man Jimmy Carter picked to run the troubled $5-billion General Services Administration, has expressed the reasonable view that he should be entitled to bring in managers who have "some loyalty and some connection with the person who is going to run 35,000 people." Solomon has 21 political appointees for his entire agency, and his plight is far from unique. There are just 84 jobs in the entire Treasury Department that are exempt from civil service requirements. Even the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare, with its 140,000 employees and a $165-billion budget, has only about 150 political appointees.

An extended metaphor may help put this problem into perspective. A Carter loyalist entering a Cabinet department at the beginning of the administration is like one of the handful of Spanish conquistadors who accompanied Pizzaro on his conquest of the Incas. Gunpower and European diseases like the measles were enough to make Pizzaro the ruler of a once-proud Indian people. The conquistadors found themselves the rulers of a people who spoke an incomprehensible language and practiced unfathomable customs. A conquistador could walk among the Incas and be treated with total deference, but he had little idea how the society worked, what glue held it together. For a while, life for the Incas went on pretty much as it had for centuries. It took two generations and a lot of priests for the Spaniards to decimate the native Indian culture.

Unfortunately, a political appointee does not have two generations to deal with the native bureaucratic population. In fact, with the average tenure of assistant secretaries running about 22 months, he does not even have a full four-year term.

A Mythical Department

Let's examine for a moment the realities facing a political appointee in a mythical domestic Cabinet department with, say, a $30-billion budget and 150 patronage jobs. A ratio like that is bad enough, and it's made even worse than it looks because things usually work out so that there are barely a dozen Carter loyalists among the assistant secretaries, deputy assistant secretaries, staff aides, and other political appointees. The reasons for this will take a moment to explain.

About 40 of these political appointees will have positions that are so technical or so minor that they can be of little help in carrying out the President's policies. Another 20 are total mediocrities who have been elevated to positions far beyond their competence in the hurried decision-making of a presidential transition.

Our 150 political appointees have been already reduced to 90. Probably about 50 of those are actually career civil servants who, for the moment, are holding political posts. (Heclo estimates that 20 to 40 per cent of all political jobs go to career bureaucrats in any administration.) Some of these careerists are holdovers from the previous administration who are kept around because it is necessary for someone to know where the keys to the men's room are kept; some are highly competent; many are apolitical; but almost all have developed a keen sense of loyalty to the way the department has been doing things for time immemorial.

One would assume that the remaining 40 political appointees are fierce loyalists who worked in the campaign and have a deep belief in the promise of Jimmy Carter. That may have been typical in prior administrations, but it isn't true in this new era of Cabinet government. Perhaps the most impor-

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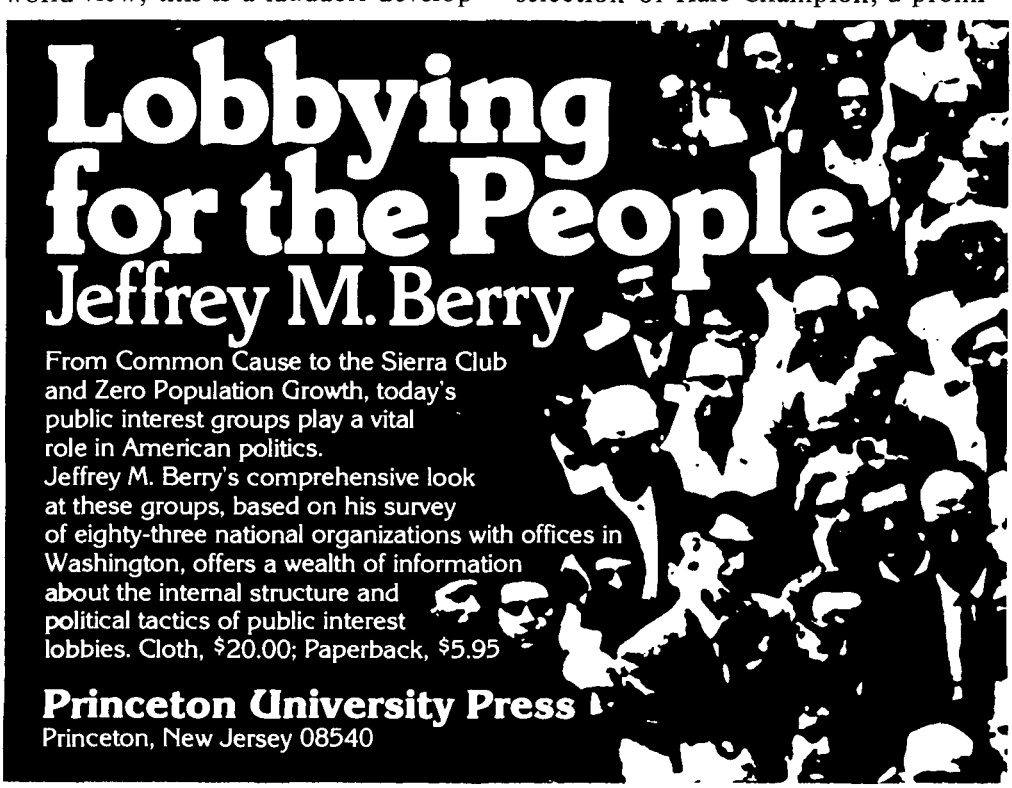
tant decision that Jimmy Carter made during the transition was to take a laissez-faire attitude toward staffing the government; Cabinet secretaries, rather than the White House personnel office, chose most of the assistant secretaries and filled the Schedule C positions.

True, there were mounds of resumes sent over from the White House, but there were few follow-up phone calls insisting that a certain person be placed in a certain slot. Only the President's keen interest in recruiting women and minorities provided a consistent exception to this general rule. Typically, fewer than half a dozen of the political appointees in our mythical department were active in the campaign or were early Carter supporters. Most of the others come from Capitol Hill or from one of the institutions that analyzes and feeds off the department's programs. The real Carter loyalists often feel like strangers in a strange land.

For those with a Common Cause world-view, this is a laudable development. Even school children now know that one of the sins of the Nixon administration was its determined effort to politicize the bureaucracy. Jack Anderson spoke for all good government zealots when he recently declared that if Nixon "had been able to pull it off, it would have amounted to almost a coup against our existing form of government." We have reached a point where trying to bring political accountability to the bureaucracy is widely regarded as a threat to the very fiber of the American way of life. Small wonder that Jimmy Carter took pains to assure the American people that the Cabinet secretaries could choose their subordinates.

This good-government gesture meant that the 180 key jobs that comprise the sub-Cabinet, as well as all the other political jobs, went to people whose primary loyalty was to the Cabinet secretary who appointed them, not to the President. An extreme example was Joseph Califano's selection of Hale Champion, a promi-



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nent Morris Udall supporter in 1976, to be undersecretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. Carter reputedly interviewed only two assistant secretaries before he sent their names to the Senate. Remember, these are the people who, day to day, run the government Carter is supposed to be reforming.

Little has happened in the last year to cement the loyalty of these assistant secretaries to the President they technically serve. Your typical assistant secretary finds out about presidential policies in three ways: reading *The Washington Post*, hearing a Cabinet secretary briefly summarize a meeting with the President, and dealing with the person on Stu Eizenstat's White House domestic staff responsible for their programs. An avid reader of *Time* and *Newsweek* knows as much about the inner workings of the White House as an assistant secretary running a $5-billion program.

Assistant secretaries have wide autonomy when it comes to administering programs or issuing regulations. President Carter began his term requiring four-page memos from his Cabinet secretaries each week detailing departmental activities. These memos were taken seriously, for, at times, the President would announce a major decision by scrawling marginal comments on the memos and sending them back to the Cabinet officers. The weekly memos continue, but they have become steadily truncated. Early this year the President announced at the Cabinet meeting that the memos should now be one-page efforts modeled after the "Kiplinger Letter."

Glossing Over Problems

The handful of Carter loyalists who remain are the only people who feel compelled to do daily battle with a recalcitrant bureaucracy. They are the ones who constantly send back memos to be rewritten. They are the ones who worry that the careerists are hiding information and glossing over problems. They are the ones who chafe over the rigidities of civil service hiring practices.

The Carter loyalists are too short-handed to do much about these problems. Everything seems to have to be redone at the last minute. Decisions are made on the run. There seems to be at least one daily crisis. Their attention span suffers; soon they have the same powers of concentration as a wheeler-dealer literary agent with four telephones on his desk. Much of their time is absorbed by new programs and policies; they can't worry about the administration of programs they inherited. If something takes more than three hours of concentrated work, it doesn't get done.

'Signing Off'

Nor are specificity and clarity the bureaucracy's strong suit. In answering a letter addressed to a Cabinet secretary, for example, the bureaucracy generally produces a draft with twelve different sets of initials approving it ("signing off on it," as the bureaucrats call it). This is a very careful system, but it also produces letters that are generally poorly written, several months late, and totally unresponsive. The correspondence file of any congressman can produce examples of bureaucratic prose at its murkiest.

So one should not underestimate political appointees' legitimate frustrations with the civil service mentality. Heclo quotes one veteran government official observing "the normal thing in all political appointees is to begin by being down on the bureaucrats. Distrust is one thing in common in all administrations and among appointees in the same administration." But Heclo's attitude is that political appointees soon grow out of that, recognizing the futility of trying to change the bureaucracy and instead lowering their expectations and trying to live with it. While such an approach may represent Heclo's "middle way," it is not the way that Jimmy Carter can

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deliver on his pledge to make the federal bureaucracy more responsive.

I had high hopes for Herbert Kaufman's little volume, *Red Tape*. After all, Kaufman has written several excellent books, most recently, *Are Government Organizations Immortal?*, a well-documented study of the ability of bureaucracies to outlive their usefulness and their founders.

No such luck. Like Heclo, Kaufman is so balanced and so responsible that he never develops a point of view. At the outset he says "I have tried throughout the book to maintain clinical detachment from the subject. I don't find it revolting, infuriating, or funny." Clinical detachment may be fine in a psychiatrist, but a little passion could only help in a book about bureaucratic red tape.

Put simply, Kaufman's thesis is that learning to live with red tape is the only thing we can do. He contends that one man's red tape is another man's procedural safeguard. He blames it all on the diversity of the country and our basic mistrust of government officials: "Were we a less differentiated society, the blizzard of official paper might be less severe and the labyrinths of official processes less torturous. Had we more trust in one another and in our public officers. . . we would not feel impelled to limit discretion by means of lengthy, minutely detailed directives. . . ."

From Someone Else

The most insightful thing in Kaufman's book is a quote from someone else, Kermit Gordon: "The public servant soon learns that successes rarely rate a headline, but governmental blunders are front page news." The civil servant correctly assumes that mediocrity will never get him into trouble. No one will ever be blamed for a vaguely worded, evasive letter, especially if that letter was approved by eleven other bureaucrats—but clarity always carries with it the danger of headlines. Also, many of the safeguards that produce red tape are the result of efforts by Congress and the press to prevent dishonesty. We have so many checks against federal corruption that the whole federal system may some day collapse under their weight. Even Kaufman is inspired to sound the clarion call: "Perhaps we have opted for excessive caution."

For a moment I began picturing the federal government running a large department store. Stores generally absorb shoplifting losses of about three per cent because if they adopted more elaborate security measures it would seriously hurt sales. A federally run department store would be so worried about shoplifting that it would allow only one customer in at a time and then have a phalanx of security guards follow him everywhere as he shopped. At the end of the year, the federally run department store could announce total victory over shoplifting—and a loss of millions of dollars due to a sharp, unexplained drop in sales volume.

Originality and Verve

After wading through two dreary Brookings studies, it was a relief to come across Morris P. Fiorina's *Congress: Keystone of the Washington Establishment*. It is a book of less than 100 pages, but it is written with insight, originality, and verve.

In his introduction Fiorina notes, almost hesitantly, "I have not written a topical work before, and it is with some uncertainty that I do so now: topical writing arouses suspicion in serious academic circles. . . ." He adds, "The book differs from academic studies of Congress in one other major respect: its tone is openly critical. My fellow congressional scholars have written exhaustively about the positive aspects of our national legislatures. . . . But I believe that they have been less thorough in analyzing the negative side of Congress."

Fiorina has managed the extraordinary feat of writing a book of political science theory so short, and so comparatively well written, that it is actu-

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ally possible to lie down on a sofa and read the thing through in one sitting. On these grounds alone, the book deserves some special award.

Fiorina is one person who took Jimmy Carter's rhetoric about an unresponsive federal bureaucracy seriously. Far more than most people who are now assistant secretaries in the Carter administration, Fiorina saw the potential of this unorthodox candidate to change the status quo. "Prior to Carter's move into the mainstream of the Democratic Party," Fiorina writes, "he was in fact the only genuine hope for radical policy change." Fiorina contrasts Carter to the congressional leaders whom he defeated in the Democratic primaries: "The congressional contenders were the true conservatives despite their talk of federal activism. They had in mind only one type of activism: centralized federal programs whose primary effect would be to enrich the electoral coalitions that regularly return them to office."

The decline of "marginal" congressional districts is the starting point for Fiorina's novel argument. Political scientists have noted that in the past 30 years there has been a steady decrease in the number of close congressional elections. In 1948, one quarter of all congressional candidates won with less than 55 per cent of the vote. In 1972 only one congressman in ten won so marginally. The pattern remained relatively unchanged in the 1974 and 1976 House elections.

The decline in the number of marginal districts has a direct bearing on the political accountability of congressional incumbents. If congressional seats only change parties because of retirements or sex scandals, the public's control over Congress is seriously endangered. Political scientists have advanced a number of possible causes for the increased job security of congressional incumbents: redistricting, the decline of the party-line voting, and the sharp increase in congressional staff and public relations efforts.

Through an elegant series of arguments, too complicated to reproduce here, Fiorina demolishes these traditional explanations for the decline in marginal districts. Instead, he argues convincingly that the growing importance of congressional casework explains the increased security of House and Senate incumbents. A congressman really sways votes when he tries to find lost veterans' checks, arrange small business loans, corral an increasing share of educational money for his district, or perform similar chores. In the past, congressmen campaigned for reelection by publicizing their votes on key issues. Now, Fiorina contends, they use their large staff resources to advertise what good ombudsmen they were for the citizens of their district.

We have all heard friends or relatives say about their congressman, "I don't really like how he votes on most issues, but his office certainly was helpful when I had that problem with Social Security." Clearly, thousands of votes are swayed by assiduous casework effort. Fiorina demonstrates that a shift of between just three and five per cent of the vote in each congressional district is enough to explain the increased job security of incumbents—which means enough voters are willing to reward a congressman for performing casework chores

The Answer to Last Month's Puzzle:

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C	A	N	A	L		D	I	P	L	O	M	A	C	Y

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to explain the decline in marginal congressional districts.

Although the discussion of marginal congressional districts takes up the bulk of Fiorina's little book, it is only the first part of his novel argument. He goes on to contend that the increasing importance of congressional casework has inextricably bound legislators to big, inefficient government programs. Fiorina argues:

"Congressmen... earn electoral credits by establishing various federal programs.... The legislation is drafted in very general terms, so some agency... must translate a vague policy mandate into a functioning program, a process that necessitates the promulgation of numerous rules and regulations and, incidentally, the trampling of numerous toes. At the next stage, aggrieved and/or hopeful constituents petition their congressmen to intervene in the complex... decision processes of the bureaucracy. The cycle closes when the congressman lends a sympathetic ear, piously denounces the evils of bureaucracy, intervenes in the latter's decisions, and rides a grateful electorate to ever more impressive electoral showings."

On Everyone's List

In practice, this is rather exaggerated. Last fall Richard Pettigrew, a reorganization advisor to President Carter, conducted a survey of congressmen to find out which programs caused their constituents the most problems. After reading through a mound of the responses, I was struck by the uniformity of the answers across political and ideological lines. Agencies like Social Security, Occupational Safety and Health Administration, and the VA, and programs such as black lung payments, and workers' compensation for federal employees showed up on everyone's list.

Taken as a group, these programs represent only a small fraction of the federal budget, yet they account for the overwhelming majority of congressional casework. By all accounts, most Housing and Urban Development programs are grotesquely ineffective. They inspire relatively little casework, however, because they are generally administered through grants to state and local governments. Fiorina's argument is too narrow to explain fully the popularity of these programs, and the hundreds like them.

But Fiorina is useful in highlighting the degree to which Congress benefits from big government. He notes that reform of the House has created over 120 separate subcommittees, each with its own chairman. These subcommittee chairmanships are an important badge of prestige in the House. Any effort to eliminate wasteful government programs will as directly affect the turf of subcommittee chairmen as it will threaten the jobs of entrenched bureaucrats.

To the mix should be added the special interest groups that gravitate around each federal program. The larger the federal budget, the larger the number of interest groups that get a share of the pie. They are an important source of campaign money and, perhaps more important, campaign volunteers. As the ordinary citizen's involvement with politics declines, the interest groups play an increasingly visible role in congressional campaigns. Today interest groups aren't just the hard-lobbying businesses of the past. For example, so-called public interest groups ("PIGS," for short) like the League of Cities and the Governors' Conference have become leading supporters of the social welfare spending that keeps them in business.

Given how unfashionable the subject of bureaucracy is with New York publishers, I suspect we will be left to fight other, more spirited political wars over it in coming elections without a well-written map of the terrain. Perhaps some day the spate of Watergate and Vietnam books will end and our leading writers will take a little time off to see how government really operates. But I wouldn't bet on it. ■

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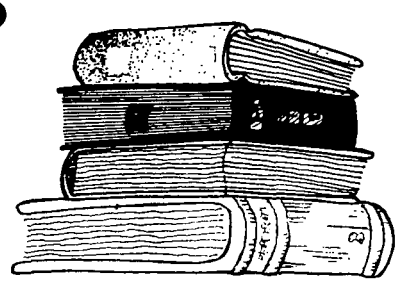
Public Men and Private Lives



by Nicholas Lemann

As readers of this magazine well know, America today is a land of many, many problems. Most immediately, there's the constant procession of woes you're likely to see on the evening news—crime, inflation, foreign entanglements, declining schools, business greed, government incompetence, discrimination, reverse discrimination. Stepping back a little to get a look at the big picture, we can see that the nation is in the grip of two apparently contradictory if equally unfortunate, trends.

On one hand, we're coming increasingly under the dominance of large institutions that are depersonalized, don't work, and promote caution and unimaginativeness. On the other, Americans are becoming more and more narcissistic, spending their increasing amounts of free time and money on an endless series of dubious self-improvement programs. As Thomas Massey points out elsewhere in this issue, these two developments —bureaucracy and self-absorption—are present in other countries even more than in our own, which is a frightening signal to us that things can get even worse here.

In order to prevent that from happening, it's important to know how it is, exactly, that our nation can be turning both excessively impersonal and excessively personal at the same time—to be able to see our own times with the clarity that, thanks to historians, we can see the past. Of course, historians have an advantage over people who try to figure out the present, like journalists, which is that they begin already knowing how the story turned out. But they also, presumably, have an array of intellectual tools that most of us lack, which might make them better able than most of us to figure out what it all means.

So it's hope-inspiring to see two respected academics come out with books that seek to tackle the present, through protean use of history, sociology, psychology, literary criticism, and social theory. Seldom are so many tools and so much learning brought to bear in the effort to understand our times as in two books published in 1977, Richard Sennett's *The Fall of Public Man* (Alfred A. Knopf) and Christopher Lasch's *Haven in a Heartless World* (Basic Books).

Sennett is a sociologist, Lasch a historian, but neither of their books fits any one category—both (especially Sennett's) are instead ambitious attempts to bring together many lines of inquiry and much evidence from the past and the present in order to present a sweeping theory of the current malaise. The bulk of both books is fairly conventional history,

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but both begin and end with sections about life right now. Sennett's book has to do with the increasing separation of "private" and "public" life, from the 18th century to the present; Lasch's is about the fall of the family over the last century. Both see the rise and flowering of capitalism as the cause of the events they are describing. Both end with strong condemnations of society's present narcissism. And both, alas, leave the reader only slightly less in the dark about the nature of the mess we're in—much less so than the authors clearly hoped.

His Dense Web of Theory

Sennett's book is the more complicated and broader of the two, and for that reason both the more admirable and the more confusing. Into his dense web of theory and evidence Sennett weaves and seeks to explain, among other things: the Dreyfus Affair, the housing crisis in Forest Hills, New York, the rise of rock music, the rise of the suburbs, trends in urban architecture, the sexual revolution, Balzac's fiction, and the changing nature of the theater, 1750-1970.

Most people are more bashful than Sennett about trying to explain what it all means, and he must be given some credit for his boldness—in these cautious times, writers are usually too afraid of falling on their face to try what Sennett tries. As a result, however, Sennett does fall on his face fairly often. He is capable, for instance, of starting one paragraph with this clarion call for clear language: "The phrases 'social values' and 'value systems' are barbarisms that social sciences have inflicted on ordinary language"; and then beginning the very next paragraph with this sentence: "So a belief will be taken as an activation of the logical cognition of social life (ideology); this activation occurs outside the linguistic rules for coherence; the term 'value' is abandoned as unclear."

Time and again the wondrous hopes raised by an insightful and promising paragraph will be dashed by the incomprehensible one that follows. Particularly when he makes his way up to the present day, *The Fall of Public Man* is valuable not as a logical argument but as a series of observations. The obvious self-confidence that let Sennett write a book like this also seems to have kept him at a distance from a strict editor. (The editor of record for *The Fall of Public Man* is Robert Gottleib of Knopf, widely reputed to be the most brilliant and sensitive editor in all of New York publishing. Which goes to show that part of being a big thinker is the right to have one's writing untouched by even the best editorial hands. Another 1977 book, Edmund Wilson's *Letters on Literature and Politics* [Farrar, Straus, and Giroux] contains rich evidence of this strange policy—Wilson is forever fulminating about editors and warning them in the strictest terms not to try changing his writing at all, while at the same time the happy editorial influence he has on the work of his friends is plain.)

Time in the Streets

"Public man," in Sennett's terms, does not especially mean people like Hubert Humphrey, or people who serve on their hometown charity boards, or people whose lives are chronicled in the pages of *People* magazine. A public man is someone who can spend a lot of time in the streets and other public places of a large city, dealing constantly with other people, without as a result feeling his privacy assaulted. He can do this because in public he's playing a well-defined role, and so doesn't have to worry about how his public behavior reflects on his identity or his personality. As Sennett puts it, "manners, conventions, and ritual gestures [are] the very stuff out of which public relations are formed."

Public life as Sennett defines it flourished in London and Paris in the latter half of the 18th century. People spent a great deal of time in the

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streets and in public squares and parks. They spoke to strangers. There was a stable and particularized class system, and when they went out in public people dressed in a way that precisely indicated their station. People were "impersonal," but they were secure and able to participate in an active urban social and political life. Their private lives were kept entirely separate.

A Society of Roles

Sennett uses the theater as a mirror of this world and of the world that has replaced it. In the 18th century, actors dressed in contemporary clothing, whether they were playing *Julius Caesar* or *Tartuffe*. Audiences were small, and sat close to the stage—even on the stage, in some cases. If an actor flubbed his lines, the audience would loudly boo; if he said them well, the audience would make him repeat them; and if he underwent some misfortune as the plot of the play twisted, the audience would start to cry out of sympathy. In this society of roles, the distinction between the stage and life was not a vivid one: audiences saw actors as people like themselves, and they were no less afraid than actors are to express themselves in public.

With the passing decades and the rise of capitalism, people in cities began to feel much less certain of their identities, and somewhat shell-shocked as a result of the uncertainty. They began to dress drably, to find urban crowds oppressive, to relish the chance to retreat into the seclusion of the family or the neighborhood. The streets were no longer a stage and people no longer actors—so that the theater was now dramatically different from everyday life. Theaters became larger and audiences much more silent and respectful. What they had come to see was clearly a thing apart from their lives, and actors began as a result to dress in a historically accurate way and to rise to imperious star status.

Today, there is almost no public life in the 18th-century sense; people define themselves and others much more in terms of individual personalities than in terms of roles. As a result, privacy is important to us, and we find crowded cities oppressive. We expend great effort in trying to "be ourselves." We engage in casual sex whose aim is self-fulfillment. In interpersonal dealings, we're apt to be reserved most of the time, but exceedingly self-revelatory when we want to make contact with someone else. From our politicians, we demand above all open and admirable personalities; that accomplished, we don't care much about specific positions. In our quest for intimacy, in other words, we lose a lot.

How does this preoccupation with personality and intimacy square with the increasing impersonality of our society? Sennett has an intriguing answer. In the old days, just as you had a firm social class, you also plied a well-defined trade—all that was part of the role that made it easy for you to go out in public. The large bureaucratic organizations that most people work in now, says Sennett, may provide their employees with an institutional identity, but they strip them of identity of another sort by forcing them to be jacks-of-all-trades, rather than artisans. Success in a bureaucracy depends on your ability to move with ease from job to job. Therefore promotions and raises are the product not of your skills so much as of your worth as a person. Which means that workers in bureaucracies, as they're preoccupied with success, are preoccupied with their own personalities.

Good Old Impersonality

The solution Sennett proposes is a revival of the big cities and of good old "impersonal," richly interactive urban life. He is wholly unsympathetic not only to suburbs but also to neighborhood groups, a return to small towns, anything that would

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attempt to make society more "personal," because he sees that as counterproductive.

In a time when everybody else's solutions involve making institutions smaller and more responsive to individuals, Sennett's is an admirably original view, but it asks a lot of us. I found myself, reading *The Fall of Public Man*, resenting Sennett as I admired him. Even in these troubled times, not all of us are evil and not all of us march obediently to the drumbeat of Larger Social Forces, but Sennett doesn't have much instinctive understanding of that. The extremes of self-absorption aside, isn't it perfectly legitimate, even noble, to seek out the company of family and close friends, with whom contact seems to hold the promise of more riches than even the best public life could offer? Couldn't Sennett be more sympathetic to what people want from life than to advise them to be as aggressively impersonal as possible?

Jumping that Hurdle

Lasch holds out the promise of jumping that hurdle—he supports the family, after all, and believes that there is such a thing as true love. He agrees with Sennett that the family grew in importance in response to the dislocations that accompanied the rise of capitalism—it was the "haven in a heartless world" of his title. But for a century, he says, it has been imperiled, by the very people who claim to be its chief defenders: psychologists, marriage counselors, doctors, ministers, teachers, social workers, and other members of the "helping professions." These experts have done great harm to the family by appropriating many of its functions unto themselves; they have inflicted on family life a never-ending series of rules and theories, all of them based on something other than the love and discipline that are the family's real glue.

Lasch spends most of his book recounting in spiteful detail the procession of theories about the family that have been in vogue at one time or another in the past century. As Lasch tells it, a better collection of hooey it would be hard to assemble. Also, he says, these theories tend to run in cycles, so that today's ethic of "open marriage," "non-binding commitment," and so on, besides being abhorrent, is also a replay of the ethic of the 1920s. The story of 100 years of misguided experts is told with that knife-sharpening nastiness that careers in academia so often nurture in people.

'A Never-Ending Search'

Like Sennett, Lasch has his moments, like this one: "As the world takes on a more and more menacing appearance, life becomes a never-ending search for health and well-being through exercise, dieting, drugs, spiritual regimens of various kinds, psychic self-help, and psychiatry. For those who have withdrawn interest from the outside world except insofar as it remains a source of gratification and frustration, the state of their own health becomes an all-absorbing concern."

Two things mar *Haven in a Heartless World*. First, like *The Fall of Public Man*, it attempts to explain too much in its opening and closing sections, and as a result is to mere mortals diffuse and complicated to the point of occasional incomprehensibility. That's the price of a large scope; what isn't is Lasch's tendency to be as unsubtle in attempting to describe human motivation as he is complex in his intellectual argument. The activities of the helping professionals that he condemns are portrayed as an elaborate plot hatched by boardroom plutocrats and carried out with extreme precision over the years. First, writes Lasch, "capitalists took production out of the household and collectivized it, under their own supervision, in the factory"; and most recently, the clever bastards have

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"extended their control over the worker's private life as well, as . . . specialists began to supervise child-rearing, formerly the business of the family." Thus did the bosses push their direction of us past the world of work, into our very homes.

To concoct a theory so new and containing so much truth as Lasch's is admirable; to then try to shoehorn all of contemporary life neatly into it is not. Implying that all social workers, for example, are willing agents of the big corporations strains credulity. Most social workers in America are and have always been liberals, instinctively suspicious of businessmen; and most businessmen are equally suspicious of social workers. This is a failure of empathy, and it makes Lasch's explanation of the present ring false, to businessmen and social workers alike. The gaping hole of human understanding that Lasch (and, less so, Sennett) leaves brings to mind a 1977 book that is astonishingly lacking in that flaw: John Sayles' second novel, *Union Dues* (Atlantic-Little, Brown).

Sorrows and Dislocations

Union Dues is the story of a 17-year-old coal miner's son from West Virginia, Hobie McNatt, who runs away to Boston in the fall of 1969, and his widowed father, Hunter, who takes off in search of him. Hunter and Hobie move through a world populated by miners, cops, drifters, hippies, radicals, rich kids, poor kids, and students—a world that contains most of the sorrows and dislocations Sennett and Lasch write about. What's impressive about Sayles is that he can get inside the heads of such a broad range of people. His every character is presented thinking, talking, and acting in a way that seems exactly accurate. In complex situation after complex situation Sayles' feel for each person's position is exact.

For instance, in one scene an affluent couple from the Boston suburbs comes by the radical commune where Hobie's living, to try to communicate with their daughter, who's also there. This is a scene that's been played in a dozen movies, and the temptation is to paint the parents as boorish, bumbling materialists. Sayles doesn't fall into this trap. Although he's gone to some lengths earlier to explain convincingly why the daughter joined the commune, when the parents come on stage he understands their pain perfectly as well:

Theory and Empathy

"Mr. Ellenbogen sat by Hobie on a stack of leaflets. 'You don't know,' he said, almost to himself, 'you have no idea, what it is to hear from someone you've held in your arms, from someone you *love*, that they want you out of their life. You're not old enough. To have them talk to you like a stranger, like all of what you've lived together didn't happen, that all the past is *nothing* to them. Like there's no feeling left.' He shook his head."

The trouble with *Union Dues* as an explanation of our troubles is that in the end it leaves the reader thinking that life is tough and complicated and sad, but not being able to pinpoint why. Sayles is willing just to show, where Sennett and Lasch aren't, but he's completely unwilling to tell. As a result, *Union Dues* is as frustrating in its own way as *The Fall of Public Man* and *Haven in a Heartless World*: it is empathy without theory, as opposed to theory without empathy.

So despite some progress, we're still left short of understanding what it all means in depersonalized, overpersonalized America. To get the real explanation without having to wait 50 years for it, we need a Sennett or Lasch who is willing to go out and meet people and try to understand them the way Sayles obviously has, or a Sayles who will also hit the books and try to explain the forces behind the troubles he describes so well. Otherwise we'll be stuck with attempts that, even at their best, fall slightly to either side of the target. ■

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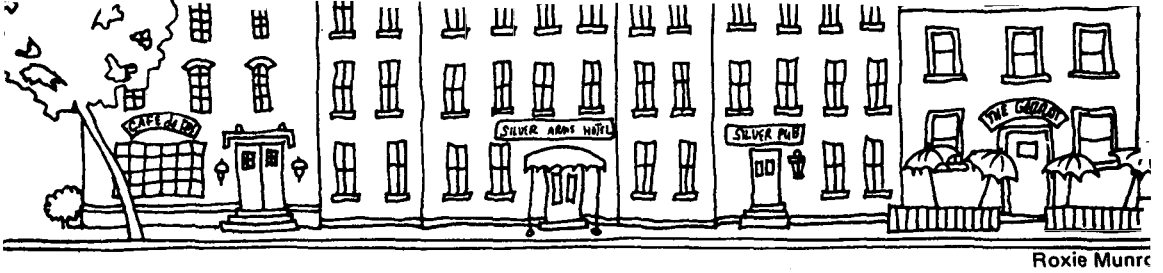

Roxie Munro

Where to Stay in Washington

by Jill Merrill

Most of our readers don't live in Washington but come here often because their work is connected with the government. For their benefit, we offer this guide to Where to Stay and alternate months, Where to Eat.

This month we cover the hotels near government agencies. The hotels and agencies are located in four areas: Foggy Bottom, Federal Triangle, Capitol Hill, and Southwest. The hotels we recommend most highly are indicated by an asterisk.

FOGGY BOTTOM

This area is bordered by Washington Circle, the Kennedy Center, Constitution Avenue from 23rd Street to 17th Street, and the White House. It includes the Departments of State and Interior, the National Academy of Sciences, National Science Foundation, Federal Reserve Board, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Civil Service Commission, General Services Administration, Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, Federal Home Loan Bank Board, and United States Information Agency.

Allen Lee Hotel, 2224 F St. N.W., 331-1224. This hotel offers minimal accommodations at minimum rates. There's no free parking, however—a consideration in this part of town, where both lots and spaces are scarcer than a bureaucrat on Labor Day. Single, $12-$15; double, $17. $2-per-child for cots in rooms. No credit cards.

***Guest Quarters**, 801 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., 785-2000. Near the Watergate complex and the Kennedy Center, Guest Quarters is extremely attractive and convenient. All rooms are suites with fully equipped kitchens (including plates and utensils) as well as a dining area and living room. Although the kitchen facilities are adequate to cook a full dinner, there are many restaurants nearby. It's also near George Washington University. Single, $53, double $61, with discount rates for government and corporate employees. $4-per-day charge for children under 16, $8 for 16 and up. Weekend special: $40-$45 a night, children over 16, $5, under 16, free. Pets allowed. Parking $3 a day. Meeting and conference rooms available.

Howard Johnson's. 2601 Virginia Ave., N.W., 965-2700. Directly across the street from the Watergate Office complex, this is where it all started. The rooms are reasonably priced: $34, single; $42, double. Suites are expensive, however—$80-$115 for an arrangement neither as capacious nor as attractive as Guest Quarters'. $3 per child in rooms. There is a Howard Johnson's restaurant, a roof-top pool, and free parking.

Intrigue Hotel, 824 New Hampshire Ave., N.W., 337-6620. Right across from Guest Quarters, this hotel offers nightly, weekly, or monthly rates for efficiencies or one-bedroom suites, all with fully equipped kitchens. In addition, there is a restaurant on the lobby level. The rooms are not unattractive, and the rates are a bargain, particularly for a family: single, $31-$43 daily, or $175-$210 per week; double, $36-$47, or $196-$238 per week. No additional charge for children under 18. Pets allowed. Parking $2.25 per day, $11.20 per week.

***Park Central**, 705 18th St., N.W., 393-4700. This recently remodeled hotel offers pleasant, spacious rooms and suites at reasonable prices in a prime location—within walking (or spitting) distance of the White House and across the street from the World Bank/IMF complex. There is a restaurant, drug store, laundry, and liquor store. It's close to the Metro and bus lines. $28-$31, single; $34-$37, double; $29-$39, efficiencies and suites, both with complete kitchens. Children under 12 free in double

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room with parents. Government employees subtract $1 from all rates. No parking facilities connected with the hotel, although there are several garages in the same block.

Watergate Hotel, 2650 Virginia Ave., N.W., 965-2300. If you're on an expense account, by all means consider the Watergate. In addition to its reknown, every convenience is offered, including a health club with indoor pool, and the effect of the whole Watergate complex is quite dazzling. Single, $48-$60; double, $58-$70; suites, $72-$82; one-bedroom, $170-$250. Children $8-per-day extra. There's a rather posh restaurant, and valet parking is $3.25 per day.

FEDERAL TRIANGLE

This includes the area near Pennsylvania Avenue from 5th to 15th Streets where the Treasury, Commerce, and Justice Departments, and the FBI, Internal Revenue Service, Federal Trade Commission, and the Archives are located.

Washington Hotel, 15th and Pennsylvania Ave. N.W., 638-5900 or (800) 424-9540. This wonderful old (1918) landmark in the Beaux Arts mode still thrives. It's directly across from the Treasury building (which is right next to the White House), and practically everyone of political importance has slept here and every President has at least passed by in his Inaugural parade. In summer the terrace restaurant on the roof offers a panoramic view of Washington and is well worth the trip up, if only for a drink. There is also a restaurant in the lobby. The rates are reasonable: single, $38-$40; double, $42-$46. $6-per-child charge for cot in double room. Parking is $4.50 per day.

Harrington Hotel, 11th and E Sts., N.W., 628-8140. In the shadow of the FBI, this is a modest hotel with free parking and very reasonable rates: single, $18-$20; double, $24-$26 (rate for family of four is $26). There's a cafeteria, carry-out, and bar. Near the National and Ford's theater, and en route to everywhere.

Ebbitt Hotel, 1000 H St. N.W., 628-5034. This modestly priced hotel, like the Harrington, is centrally located in the downtown area. Let's face it, this part of Washington has seen better days, and a great many better

fiction writers

Beginning next month **The Washington Monthly** will consider for publication original works of short fiction. We are hoping to be able to print fiction regularly—perhaps as often as every two or three months.

We are concerned primarily with problems of government, politics, and social change, and we're looking for fiction that will address those concerns. We don't mean stories that recount the lives and loves of oddly familiar presidents and senators—we mean political stories in the broadest and most humane sense of the term. We have no preconceived notions about subject matter or setting; we want stories that illuminate the social concerns of our time by giving us convincing characters caught up in conflict and change. We think such stories will fit in a magazine like **The Washington Monthly** because they can be a means of getting at certain truths that even the most inspired journalism cannot reach. Fiction can use the power of imagination to reach into locked rooms, back into the past, forward into the future—and, most important, into the individual human heart.

We view this announcement as an experiment. In the past two decades, the use of fiction in magazines has declined sharply. It may be that, after a trial period, **The Washington Monthly** will decide to go along with the trend. But right now, we have faith that there are good writers in this country who are wrestling with the social and political themes that concern us, and readers who would be interested in what they have to say.

Fiction selection will be supervised by Garrett Epps, who this month joins our masthead as fiction editor. Epps is the author of **The Shad Treatment**, a novel of Virginia politics published last year by G.P. Putnam's Sons.

Fiction submissions may be short stories or segments from forthcoming novels or works in progress. They should be roughly between 1,000 and 5,000 words in length. Payment will be at the magazine's standard nonfiction rate. Submissions should be addressed to Fiction, **The Washington Monthly** 1028 Connecticut Ave. NW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

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nights. Still, if you're on a tight budget and relying on public transportation, both the Ebbitt and the Harrington will meet your needs. Rates: single, $16-$22; double, $22-$28, $6-per-child charge. There is a restaurant and a parking garage next door.

CAPITOL HILL

This is the Pennsylvania Avenue area from 5th Street to Capitol Hill and includes the Department of Labor, Securities and Exchange Commission, Government Printing Office, U.S. Federal Courts, General Accounting Office, Senate and House of Representatives office buildings, Supreme Court, and Library of Congress.

Bellevue Hotel, 15 E St. N.W., 638-0900. A good bargain near Union Station for those with limited resources. Single, $20; double, $26-$28. Suites, $36 for 3 people, $42 for 4. Free parking at night.

Commodore Hotel, 520 No. Capitol Street. N.W., 628-2300. Also near Union Station, this previously tawdry hotel has been refurbished, although one has the uneasy feeling that the plaster might crack again if one smiles too hard. The rates are reasonable: single, $25; double, $30; two-room suite $35. Discount for government employees. The Dubliner Pub, where many of the young movers (and not-so-young shovers) meet, is here.

Hyatt Regency, 400 New Jersey Ave. N.W., 737-1234 or (800) 228-9000. Although not quite as spectacular as its San Francisco or Atlanta sisters, this Hyatt is the latest word in chrome chic. The greenery, glass elevators, and gurgling water give one a pleasant, if unrealistic, sense of detachment in the shadow of the Capitol. Despite a plastic air, it is a good bet for those who don't have to ask about prices. There are three restaurants. $49-$67 for a single; $63-$71, double. Children under 14 free. Parking $5 a day.

***Quality Inn**, 415 New Jersey Ave. N.W., 638-1616. A very good bargain right across the street from the Hyatt. It has a restaurant and lounge and an outdoor swimming pool. Single, $42-$44; double, $52-$54. Discounts are available to government employees and members of the American Association of Retired Persons. Children under 16 free. Free parking.

SOUTHWEST WASHINGTON

This is the area within Independence Avenue and M Street and 10th and South Capitol Streets and includes the Departments of Agriculture, Energy, Health Education and Welfare, Housing and Urban Development, and Transportation; the Federal Aviation Administration, Postal Service, Comptroller of the Currency, Amtrak, National Aeronautics and Space Administration, Comsat and Intelsat, and Environmental Protection Agency.

***Loew's L'Enfant Plaza**, 480 L'Enfant Plaza East, S.W., 484-1000. This is a luxurious hotel that meets every need. It's near the Smithsonian complex, Capitol Hill, and the Botanic Gardens. In addition to the attractive and convenient surroundings, every room has a bar and refrigerator. There's an outdoor pool in season and three attractive restaurants--the Greenhouse (breakfast and lunch), the Quorum (lunch and drinks), and Apple of Eve (dinner and a reasonably priced buffet lunch). Single, $45-$75; double, $55-$85; government and corporate rates available; reasonable weekend family plans.

Channel Inn, 650 Water St. S.W., 554-2400. The only hotel near the waterfront. It's also near the Arena Stage, one of Washington's finest repertory theaters, and several seafood restaurants. One of the restaurants, Pier 7, is in the hotel, as well as a cafeteria, and there is an outdoor swimming pool. Single, $38-$42; double, $46-$48. Children under 12 free; parking free.

Skyline Inn. South Capitol and I Sts. S.W., 488-7500. Although not far from HEW, this reasonably priced hotel is also just a few blocks from the House of Representatives office buildings. It offers an outdoor swimming pool, pinball machines, and welcomes pets—a desirable family hotel. Singles, $34-$38; double, $38; one-, two-, and three-room suites, $45-$95. $2 off for government employees. Children under 14 free; free parking.

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Memo of the Month

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URGENT

TO: ALL STATIONS, PROGRAM MANAGERS, PI DIRECTORS
FR: JOAN LANIGAN, PBS
DT: JUNE 17, 1977
RE: PROGRAM FLAG: "AGRONSKY AT LARGE" #131
     (AIRING TONIGHT)

"AGRONSKY AT LARGE" #131, AIRING TONIGHT, FRIDAY, JUNE 17 CONTAINS LANGUAGE WHICH SOME STATIONS MAY CONSIDER OBJECTIONABLE OCCURRING AT APPROXIMATELY 21:20.

DUE TO THIS LATE NOTIFICATION, WE OFFER THE "LANGUAGE" AS FOLLOWS: AT 21:20 SENATOR MOYNIHAN SAYS, "JEFFERSON HAD A LOT OF BALLS."

IF ANY STATION FEELS IT IS NECESSARY TO AUDIO EDIT THIS WORD, PERMISSION IS SO GRANTED.

END (17/D)

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Public Policy Issues From AEI

LOBBYING: A Constitutionally Protected Right
By Hope Eastman

Lobbying has acquired a bad name in recent years and is often portrayed as an evil influence on the legislative process. Former ACLU attorney Hope Eastman defends the practice of lobbying as an exercise of the constitutionally protected right to petition the government for redress of grievances. She warns that congressional attempts to regulate money spent on advocacy must be measured carefully against the limits of the First Amendment.

35 pages / $2.25

REORGANIZING THE FEDERAL BUREAUCRACY: The Rhetoric and the Reality
By Michael P. Balzano

Balzano compares the problems encountered in reorganizing ACTION, the federal volunteer agency, to those likely to beset President Carter in attempting to fulfill his campaign pledge to reorganize federal government. As the former director of ACTION, he identifies the political, legal, technical, and human factors that impeded his own attempts to decentralize or reorganize the Peace Corps and other branches of his agency.

43 pages / $2.25

PUBLIC FINANCING OF CONGRESSIONAL CAMPAIGNS
Legislative Analysis

With the 1978 congressional elections approaching, the subject of public financing is once again before the Congress. This legislative analysis reviews the history of campaign finance regulation and describes the major provisions of financing bills considered by Congress in 1977. The issues raised by these proposals are presented with the arguments both for and against them.

44 pages / $2.00

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Richard Reeves on Political Books

I only saw Theodore White on the road once during the 1976 presidential campaign. He said that he wasn't sure exactly what he was going to do about the election, but that for all practical purposes *The Making of the President* series was at an end. Which has turned out to be a shame because no one seems capable of taking his place. So far, the books on the election of Jimmy Carter, good and bad, have added relatively little new information and not much of an overview of what actually happened as Carter stumbled past Gerald Ford into the White House.

In fact, I think I learned the most from a 157-page book to be published this spring by Ballinger Press in Cambridge, Massachusetts. *Campaign for President—The Managers Look at '76* is the partial transcript of a three-day conference sponsored in December, 1976 by the Institute of Politics of the Kennedy School of Government at Harvard. The proceedings, by prior agreement, were off-the-record until publication of the book.

There were no startling revelations as Hamilton Jordan and Jody Powell of the Carter campaign sat around a table with their opponents from the Ford campaign and from the short and long campaigns of their Democratic primary opponents. What there was, though, was some revealing insight into the thinking of Ford's managers and, by projection, an argument that good ol' Jerry could very well be the last Republican President of the United States.

"We decided that there were three ways we could win," said Robert Teeter, Ford's pollster. "One way to win was to change the voters' attitudes and perceptions on issues and policies, which was not a practical thing to consider doing over a ten or twelve week period. The second thing we could do was to nominate the President as a Democrat. And the third thing we could do was to change the perception of Governor Carter as well as that of President Ford. . . . There was no place on the Republican side of that map where we could theoretically plot Ford and win the election. . . . If Carter stayed where he was (in voters' perceptions), there was no possible way that we could win."

In other words, the only way the Republicans could win without an extraordinarily attractive candidate

Richard Reeves is the author of Convention. *His column is a regular feature of* The Washington Monthly.

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was to trade on distrust of or dissatisfaction with the Democratic candidate—I would argue that that is now the general condition of most American politics, national and local. The Republicans may be really finished, not because of Watergate or Richard Nixon, but because a solid majority of the voting nation, working people and poor people, simply believes that Republicans have been and are opposed to its basic interests. What keeps the Grand Old Party alive is state election laws—contracts between the two parties to keep others out—and a fond hope that Democrats will screw up. Republicans can only hope that the opposition will always nominate George McGovern or run campaigns as lousy as Jimmy Carter's general election effort.

There was also something of a consensus between Republicans and Democrats at the conference that only Ford's challenge to debate Carter allowed the 1976 election to be contested. Michael Raoul-Duval, Ford's special counsel, put it this way: "Our information suggested that, for all practical purposes, the race might be over by the end of September. . . . We needed something that would cause the country to reserve its judgment. The debates seemed to be the answer."

I quote the Republicans on this only because they proved to be smarter. People like Teeter and Duval damn near won the election with an inept candidate representing a party that most of the country despises.

What all this means for the future, I think, is that Democratic Presidents, if they are at all unpopular, will be regularly challenged in primary elections. Why should Democrats stand by and allow Republicans to take the White House because the GOP happens to have the only opposing ballot line? If Jimmy Carter is unpopular in 1980, why should Jerry Brown or Teddy Kennedy stand by and leave the only challenge to a Republican cipher?

Conferences are usually the "Laverne and Shirley" of a political elite, but this one worked—so does the book. *Campaign for President* also sets the record straight on a couple of things and adds a few footnotes to 1976, including these:

•The idea of a comprehensive Carter campaign plan was a post facto myth concocted between the press and the candidate's staff. "We had thought that if we started early," Jody Powell said, "without a reelection campaign to worry about or any duties of office to worry about, we could do very well. . . in New Hampshire, and then come down to Florida and take on Governor Wallace, and that was about as far as our planning went. After Florida, we would either be on the way or in trouble."

•In September of 1975, according to Robert Keefe, Senator Henry Jackson's campaign manager, Jackson asked Senator Edmund Muskie to run with him as a vice-presidential candidate—a bold move later unknowingly repeated by Ronald Reagan and Senator Richard Schweiker. Bold, but not successful. Muskie refused.

•Hubert Humphrey did decide—at least for a couple of hours—to be a stop-Carter candidate. At 8 a.m. on April 29, 1976, Rep. Paul Simon, a leader of the draft-Humphrey movement, telephoned the Minnesota Senator and was told: "I talked to Muriel and the kids last night and they encouraged me to go on, and I'm going to be a candidate." At 11 a.m., Simon got a call saying the decision had been reversed. At 1:30, Humphrey announced he would not campaign.

•Humphrey *was* the candidate the Ford people thought they had the best chance of defeating. During the race against Carter, according to Teeter, one of the Republican President's men asked, "What do we have to do to Carter to move him far enough so that we can win?" The answer was, "The more you make him look like Hubert Humphrey, the better off we are." ■

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political book notes

Public affairs books to be published in March

The Ambivalence of Abortion. Linda Bird Francke. Random House, $10.

The Anti-Trust Paradox: A Policy at War With Itself. Robert H. Bork. Basic, $18.

British Appeasement in the 1930's. William R. Rock. Norton, $7.95/$3.95.

Jerry Brown: The Man on the White Horse. J.D. Lorenz. Houghton Mifflin, $8.95.

The Builders: Houses, People, Neighborhoods, Governments, Money. Martin Mayer. Norton, $15.

Capitalist Patriarchy and the Case for Socialist Feminism. Zillah R. Eisenstein. Monthly Review Press, $16.50.

Communicate: Parkinson's Formula for Business Survival. C. Northcote Parkinson, Nigel Rowe. Prentice-Hall, $9.95.

Conquer and Colonize. Donald Biggs. Praesidio, $12.95.

Counsel for the United States: U.S. Attorneys in the Political and Legal Systems. James Eisenstein. Johns Hopkins, $15.

The Challenge of the Spirit. Boris Shragin. Alfred A. Knopf, $10.

China's Economy. Christopher Howe. Basic, $15.

Chou: An Informal Biography of China's Legendary Chou En-Lai. John McCook Roots. Doubleday, $8.95.

The Cost of Catastrophic Illness. Howard Birnbaum with Michael Schwartz. Lexington, $12.95.

Crisis at the Bar: The Unethical Ethics of Lawyers, and What to Do About It. Jethro K. Lieberman. Norton, $10.95. One of our heroes, the author of *The Tyranny of the Experts*, has come up with a disappointingly thin version of what's wrong with lawyers.

Death and Dying. Richard G. Benton. Van Nostrand Reinhold, $12.95.

The Declining Significance of Race: Blacks and Changing American Institutions. William Julius Wilson. Univ. of Chicago, $12.50.

Dulles: A Biography of Eleanor, Allen and John Foster Dulles and Their Family Network. Leonard Mosley. Dial, $12.95. In the 1950s the name Dulles was "uttered like an incantation or muttered like an imprecation. . . . by presidents, prime ministers and chairmen of political committees. . . . During all but the final months of the Eisenhower era it was the Dulles family which managed and manipulated the foreign affairs of the United States. . . . John Foster Dulles was a Secretary of State so powerful and implacable that no government in what was then fervently referred to as the Free World would have dared to take a decision of international importance without first getting his nod of approval. In Europe the cockpit of East and West conflict was West Berlin, and its affairs were controlled from Washington by Eleanor Lansing Dulles. . . . Through Allen Dulles, the younger brother, the family consolidated its control over the external policies of the United States."

First, Eleanor. A State Department desk

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The Presidency

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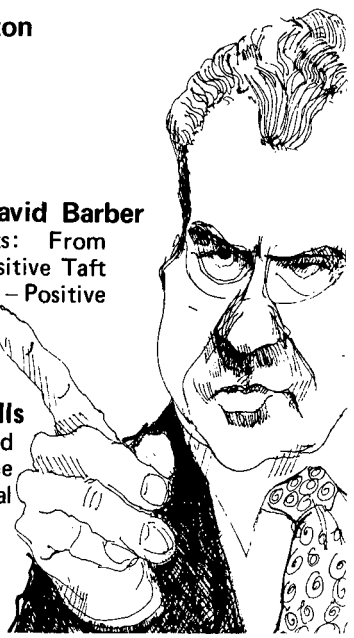

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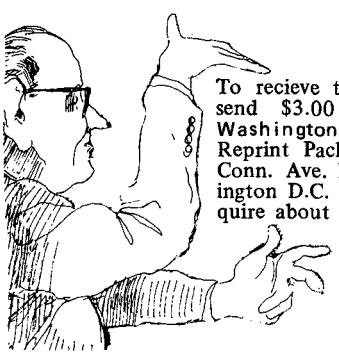

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officer, as she was, simply does not have that measure of authority during crises. I suspect Mosley is led to exaggerate her influence because, as he weaves in and out of the doings of these remarkable siblings, Eleanor is the only one he finds thoroughly admirable.

Allen was the fun-loving Rover Boy. The average spy novel is thin broth compared with the exploits of the man upon whom so many of them are based. During World War II he directed the European operations of the Office of Strategic Services. He conspired with the German generals, intelligence services, and the Gestapo itself to undermine Hitler, sent spies into Hungary and Rumania, organized sabotage teams in occupied France, ferried men and supplies to Italian partisans while simultaneously negotiating with Italian royalists. It was Allen Dulles who, almost thwarted by a Harry Truman new to the presidency and afraid to offend Stalin, arranged the secret surrender of German armies in Italy.

After the war he was the all-powerful spymaster. As director of the Central Intelligence Agency he ran his own planes, recruited his own soldiers and initiated his own military campaigns. In the bitter words of Soviet propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg, if Allen ever got to heaven he would be found "mining the clouds, shooting up the stars and slaughtering the angels." Allen, who apparently had a different destination in mind, once said he would tip his hat to the devil to get a clearer picture of conditions in hell. None of these activities kept Allen Dulles from building a vast network of friends and girlfriends. (As a young spy in Switzerland during the first World War he rebuffed, in favor of a pretty date, a Russian emigre who urgently insisted on seeing him; the emigre turned out to be Lenin, en route to Russia to make a separate peace with Germany. A war or so later, when Rebecca West was asked whether she had been one of Allen's mistresses, she replied, "Alas, no.")

By contrast, just about *nobody* liked John Foster Dulles. Truman summed up a large body of opinion in his reaction to the suggestion that he give Dulles a post: "What, that bastard? Not on your life!" Truman relented, much to his subsequent regret, for Dulles became an inveterate leaker of items that reflected nobly on himself and poorly on others.

Eisenhower ran for President on a foreign policy program designed by Dulles, who became his Secretary of State. But the powerful intellect Dulles brought to the job reminds one of how a wit described Robert A. Taft—"the best mind in the Senate until he made it up." The virtual free hand Dulles had in foreign policy turned out to be mostly thumbs. "Massive retaliation" against Soviet probings proved an empty threat. "Going to the brink and looking into the

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abyss," as he proudly described one of his maneuvers, became derisively known as "brinksmanship." "Unleashing Chiang Kai-shek" [to invade the Chinese mainland] turned into an international joke. "Liberation of the captive nations of Eastern Europe" encouraged some brave Hungarians to revolt which turned to tragedy when the expected American aid never came. Dulles' uncanny ability to alienate friendly countries led James Reston to characterize him as "a supreme expert in the art of diplomatic blundering." "He doesn't stumble into booby traps," Reston wrote, "He digs them to size, studies them carefully and then jumps." After a Dulles blooper in Asia, Winston Churchill said, "Foster Dulles is the only case I know of a bull who carries his china shop with him."

Peppered with anecdotes and illuminated with glimpses of the ways of the mighty (for example, Prime Minister Anthony Eden in an uncontrollable snit hurling an inkpot at a colleague and, in turn, getting a wastebasket dumped on his head), *Dulles*, in spite of the unpleasant qualities of its most forceful character, is as enjoyable as it is informative. If you are going to read just one biography in 1978, consider this triple-header.

—Leonard Reed

Four Arguments for the Eliminating of Television. Jerry Mander. Morrow, $11.95.

The Guggenheims: An American Epic. John H. Davis. Morrow, $14.95.

Hate Don't Make No Noise: Anatomy of a New Ghetto. Etta Revesz. Viking, $10. The author of this bitter and vivid portrayal of life in a federally subsidized low-income housing development did her homework the hard way—by working for several years in a California "slum clearance" housing project. However, neither the authenticity of detail nor the prefatory statement, "Events of the kind described in the book can and do occur in real life," justifies the mislabeling of the book as a "documentary." It is a novel, the impact of which is undermined by a thin plot and characters out of Damon Runyan.

Himself: The Life and Times of Mayor Richard J. Daley. Eugene Kennedy. Viking, $10.

The Hospice Movement: A Better Way of Caring for the Dying. Sandol Stoddard. Stein and Day, $8.95.

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Inside the Fourth Reich. Erich Erdstein with Barbara Bean. St. Martin's, $8.95.

Iowa: A History. Joseph F. Wall. Norton, $8.95.

Keeping Kennedy's Promise: The Unmet Hope of the New Frontier. Kevin Lowther, C. Payne Lucas. Westview Press, $10. Two knowledgeable insiders tell what went wrong with the Peace Corps and how it could still be saved.

The Life of the Mind: Vol. 1, Thinking; Vol. 2, Willing. Hannah Arendt. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.50 each.

Life's Second Half: The Dynamics of Aging. Jerome Ellison. Devin-Adair, $8.95.

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Neighbors: Living the Revolution—An Oral History of Contemporary Cuba. Oscar Lewis, Ruth M. Lewis, Susan M. Rigdon. Univ. of Illinois, $15.

The Net and the Quest: Patterns of Community and How They Can Survive Progress. Ralph Glasser. Pica Press, $15.

1945: Year Zero. John Lukacs. Doubleday, $8.95.

The Parties: Republicans and Democrats in This Century. Henry Fairlie. St. Martin's, $8.95.

Pennsylvania: A History. Thomas C. Cochran. Norton, $8.95.

The Politics of Prosecution: Jim Thompson, Richard Nixon, Marje Everett and the Trial of Otto Kerner. Hank Messick. Caroline House, $10.95.

Pollution and Policy: A Case Essay on California and Federal Experience with Motor Vehicle Air Pollution, 1940-1975. John E. Krier, Edmund Ursin. Univ. of California, $15.95.

Presidential Impeachment. John R. Labovitz. Yale, $15.

A Pretty Good Club: The Founding Fathers of the U.S. Foreign Service. Martin Weil. Norton, $10.95.

The Prodigal South Returns to Power. Harry S. Dent. John Wiley & Sons, $12.95.

Pseudoscience and Mental Ability: The Origins and Fallacies of the IQ Controversy. Jeffrey M. Blum. Monthly Review Press, $13.95.

Scribble, Scribble: The Media According to Nora Ephron. Nora Ephron. Alfred A. Knopf, $7.95.

Silent Missions. Vernon A. Walters. Doubleday, $12.95.

The Storm Petrels: The Flight of the First Soviet Defectors. Gordon Brook-Shepherd. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $8.95. The time was 1928, the place a hunting area in the Soviet Union near the Turkish border. The smaller of the two hunters turned his rifle on his companion, telling him he knew he was a police agent sent to watch him. He then proceeded to escort the agent across the border into Turkey from where, pursued all the way by agents of the OGPU, the two embarked on a hazardous three-month journey to the relative safety of Europe. Boris Bajanov, personal assistant to Joseph Stalin and secretary to the Politburo, had defected.

To be sure, the term "defector" had not yet come into use. The British, into whose hands Bajanov delivered himself, viewed with some distaste this "turncoat," and the various British bureaucracies bickered over who would get stuck with the cost of transporting him from India to Britain. The French, in whose country he eventually landed (and still lives), showed greater astuteness and were, therefore, the first to get the inside story of the Stalin-Trotsky power struggle as well as detailed information on Soviet techniques of espionage and subversion. Brook-Shepherd doesn't fault the British for blowing it: "To have sensed in 1928 the enormous implications both of Bajanov's flight and of the information he brought with him, one would have needed a feel for the future in one's bones."

A storm petrel is a bird whose presence warns of coming turbulence, and in this fascinating book the author deals with the two waves of Soviet defections that preceded the great exodus of the postwar period. The first of these waves, 1928-30, stemmed largely from disillusioned idealism. The second wave, 1936-38, consisted of men fleeing the terrible purges then wracking the Soviet Union. Many of those who fled to the supposed safety of London, Paris, or New York were, like Trotsky, tracked down and murdered by the long arm of the Soviet police.

One who escaped murder was General Alexander Orlov, the highest Soviet secret police official ever to defect. After harrowing escapes, Orlov turned up in the office of Francis Biddle, the U.S. attorney general, showed his credentials and requested asylum. Biddle, whose bones yielded to

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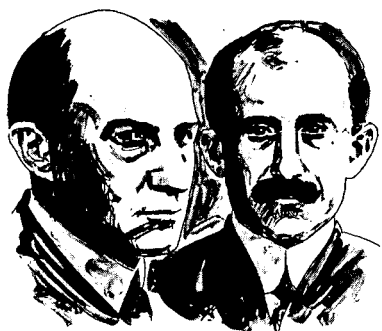
Wilbur and Orville Wright

This year, the nation celebrates the 75th anniversary of powered flight by the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, N.C., on December 17, 1903.

In the space of a single lifetime—more than 8 million Americans are 75 or older—remarkable progress has been made in air transportation.

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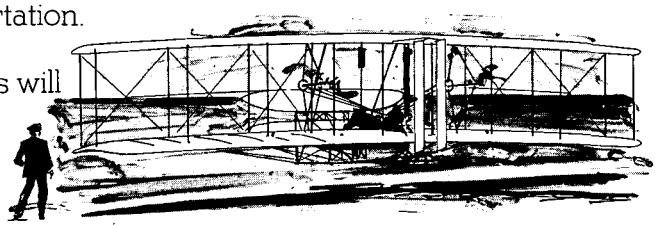

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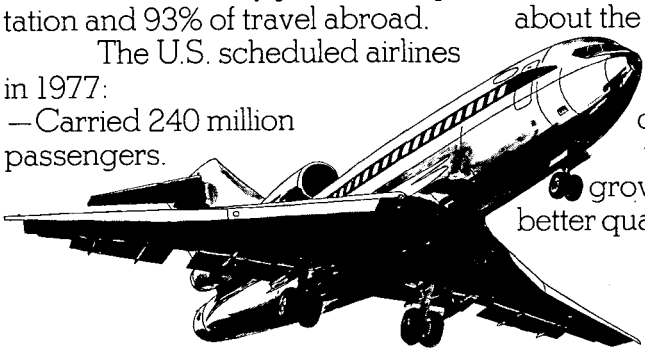

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